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The Sign

NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

Monastery Place, Union City, N. J.

MARCH

VOL. 32

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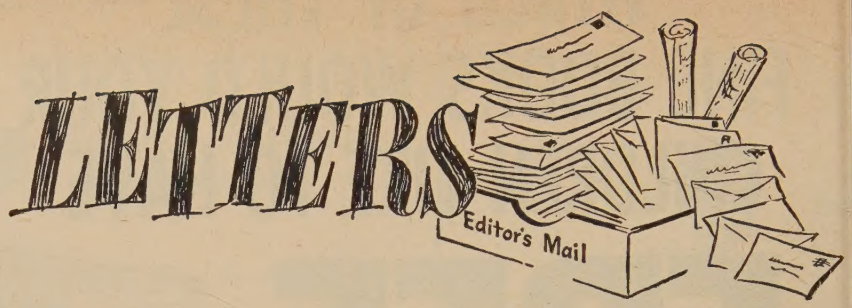

Alcoholism

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Granting that despite his lack of medical background, Mr. Tracy has the right, in this free nation, to indulge in the eccentricity of believing that alcoholism is a vice and not a disease, as expressed in your January issue, it is nevertheless amazing that this ancient error should persist even in his mind.

In the light of the decline and fall, long since, of the Fr. Theobald Matthew and Washingtonian movements, which were based on the same fallacy, and of the recognition of alcoholism as a disease by the World Health Organization, the American Public Health Association, the American Medical Association, and all writers on and practitioners of medicine, as well as by great industries, after careful research by their medical directors, a layman's opinion is presumably not to be taken too seriously.

It is somewhat surprising, however, since Mr. Tracy has had some legal training, that he is not impressed by the fact that all Commissions and Courts of Last Resort which have had the question before them have unanimously judicially held that alcoholism is a disease.

The puzzling problem of exactly which sin the alcoholic commits (or whether it is a sin at all) in taking that disastrous first drink and whether, for example, it really is gluttony or is a breach of the Fifth Commandment against suicide (which the alcoholic certainly does not intend at that time), to say nothing of the problem of the submergence of the much-talked-about but little understood free "will power" by the compulsion to drink and its replacement, in turn, by the grace of God apparently leave Mr. Tracy unruffled.

PATRICK O'MALLEY

PORTLAND, MAINE

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

As a matter of terminology, it would seem that to those who seek a solution to the problem whether alcoholism is a disease or vice is a matter of small consequence. Dictionaries define alcoholism as a "diseased condition." Yet, is not alcoholism caused by excessive drinking, and is not excessive drinking a vice or bad habit? If there be a disease, it is the effect and not the cause. So, it seems to this reader, the logic of Mr. Tracy's approach is completely sound; that is, a recognition of the basic cause, not of alcoholism as such, but of excessive drinking. That cause Mr. Tracy diagnoses, simply enough, as "wrc thinking"—a surrender of the intellect a will to emotional stresses.

Those who theorize about "disease" u necessarily confound the problem.

WILLIAM B. MOORE

NEW YORK, N. Y.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Making prayerfully bold to join what expect will be the minority, I desire register my endorsement of the diagnos principles and therapeutic program d veloped from his own wide experience Vincent Tracy, aided and guided by h brother, the Reverend John Tracy of A bany. I base this endorsement upon pe sonal observation of and collaboration wi their uniquely successful work over sever years in the field of alcoholic addiction.

The "Tracy Approach" to the diagno and cure of the vice of alcoholism, I su mit, distinguishes itself from others for unequivocal and patent conformity wi perennial principles of Catholic moral and with the dynamics of divine grac Having taught Dogma for nine years might be overly sensitive to heresy, but f the life of me I could never see the Cath lic doctrine on redemption via free will an grace in a program that substitutes "di ease," "physical allergy," or similar con venient and conscience-lulling alibis fo freedom of the will and personal culpabi ity. Nor do I perceive any great supernat ural operosity of redemptive merit in th therapy of group catharsis or "soul wash ing" à la Red China.

Both the Old and New Testaments cla sify drunkenness as sin and vice, that is, a aberration in the moral order. His Exce lency, Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, is reporte to have written the wife of an alcoholi reminding her how she would lavish tende care on her spouse if he were sufferin from pneumonia or other disease. Th Bishop then scores his point: "Now tha your husband has a moral illness, wh abandon him?" Basic morality has to d with black and white—with vice and vir tue, bad and good, wrong and right i human actions. Euphemistic semantics characteristic of neo-paganism, may substi tute "planned parenthood" and "birth con trol" for "contraception" or add a scientifi "ism" to alcohol, yet a name does no change essential morality.

Prevalent materialism nowhere evidence its inherent *amorality* more than in its con certed attempt to abolish the all-importan distinction between *actus humanus* and

(*Continued on page* 77)

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Editor's page

And Now the Jews!

THE French have a saying, *"qui mange du pape, en meurt."* Translated literally, it means, "He who eats pope, dies of it;" translated freely, it means, "You can't beat the Church." Leave it to the French to sum up a lot of history—their own included—in a catchy phrase.

Perhaps Stalin doesn't understand French or doesn't read history. For a long time, he has been trying unsuccessfully to destroy the Church. Now he is adding to his madness by attacking the Jews as well. No one in history has ever prevailed against either the Church or the Jews, but Stalin is taking on both at the same time.

A public policy of anti-Semitism is something completely new for Soviet Russia. The Reds have always been furtively anti-Semitic, but they have carefully concealed and denied it. They have posed as liberals and democrats, as the champions of racial minorities inside and outside the Soviet Union. In this role, they have done a thriving business in selling their propaganda wares to the muddle-headed liberals of the West, who never looked beneath the label for the commodity in the package.

The recent about-face marks a great and important change in Soviet policy. Only the gravest reasons could induce Stalin to drop his liberal pose and clothe himself in the fifthy mantle of Nazi anti-Semitism.

What are these reasons?

The author of "The New Red Purge," (page 14), is a close student of everything that concerns Communism and the Soviet Union. He has lived in Europe for a long time and has wide sources of information. His opinion is that things are going badly in the U.S.S.R. and in the satellite states and that Stalin is making a scapegoat of the Jews in order to divert to them the rising wrath of the people.

Others believe that Stalin's anti-Semitic purge is part of his plan to win Germany. Throughout modern history, Germany and Russia have experienced a fatal attraction and repulsion. They hate and fear each other, but at the same time they are convinced that together they could rule the world. There is nothing Stalin wants more than control of all Germany. Add German industrial potential to Russian manpower and natural resources, and you have an invincible combination.

Stalin has failed to win Germany from the left, so he is now trying from the right. He is making a play for Germans who liked and still like Hitler and National Socialism. He is eliminating everybody and everything distasteful to the neo-Nazis, and naturally the Jews are number one on the list. In all this, he is laying the ground for an agreement similar to the Ribbentrop-Molotov pact of 1939.

A third and perhaps partial explanation is Stalin's desire to secure control of the Middle East. This area is rich in oil, it has long-coveted warm-water ports, and it is the broad highway to Southern Asia, Africa, and the soft underbelly of Europe. Posing as a friend of the Arabs and an enemy of Israel, Stalin has a good chance of winning this highly strategic crossroads of the world without firing a shot.

AS a matter of enlightened self-interest, we should seek to discover the real motives and purposes of Stalin's anti-Semitic campaign in order to deprive him of the ill-gotten gains he seeks to acquire from it.

Both Jews and Arabs have everything to lose and nothing to gain from Soviet activities in the Middle East. They must reach an agreement on the basis of the terms laid down by the United Nations. Up to the present, the Israelis have flouted this international body. We should make it clear to them that they can continue to do so only at their own risk.

We can have no doubt or hesitation as to our duty as Christians to help in every possible way the persecuted Jews. We should modify our immigration policy by opening wider our doors to these victims of Red tyranny as well as to other refugees and expellees who are still searching for a new home and a new start in life.

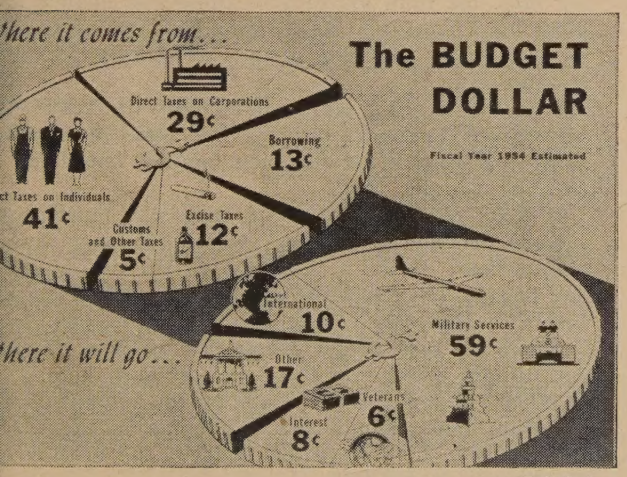
Father Ralph Gorman, C.P.

Current Fact and Comment

EDITORIALS IN PICTURES AND IN PRINT

Religious News Service

emember man, for dust thou art, and unto dust thou ılt return." These words ushered in Lent and another ance to do penance in union with the Passion of Christ.



United Press

e's where our dollars go, most of them for military poses. Aggressive Communism has forced us to live on time economy. And just how long will it continue?

A New Immigration Law

PRESIDENT Eisenhower referred to our present immigration law in the course of his State of the Union message. He said in part: "Existing legislation contains injustices. It does, in fact, discriminate. . . . I am therefore requesting Congress to . . . enact a statute which will at one and the same time guard our legitimate national interest and be faithful to our basic idea of freedom and fairness to all." Thus, less than a year after the enactment of the McCarran-Walter Act, a Republican President has called for substantial changes in its provisions.

This controversial law is not without its merits. The issue is not a clear black and white case. On the credit side, the law clarified and codified hundreds of scattered laws and regulations. It tightened the security features of our immigration law. It made a step toward removing the discriminatory bars erected against Orientals.

Yet the debit side of the case appears by far the stronger. The law embodied the 1924 quota system based on national origins. This quota was admittedly designed to favor countries of Northern and Western Europe. They received 84 per cent of the quota, whereas Southern and Eastern Europe was allotted only 14 per cent. The total quota is extremely low, compared to the present population of the United States.

Quotas are not transferable. The result is that over two million quotas have been unfilled since 1924. More than half of these were allotted to Great Britain and Ireland. They will continue to be only partly used under the present system. By contrast, the nations with the greatest need still have pitifully small quotas. Moreover, their future quotas have been mortgaged by persons admitted under the Displaced Persons Act of 1948. Many Eastern European countries will not have available quotas until the next century!

While the new law admits a token number of Orientals, it embodies the idea of racial discrimination. This is particularly true for persons of Oriental blood born in Latin America.

Another doubtful principle in the law is the theory of retroactive guilt. Aliens may be deported for acts which were not grounds for deportation when committed. Naturalized citizens may have their citizenship revoked for actions which are not criminal when committed by native-born citizens. These features are at least harsh. It is doubtful that many of them can be considered just.

When we balance the shortcomings of the law against its merits, the case for revision is clear. It is not so generally agreed what should be the features of a new law. As a minimum, there should be a sharp upward revision in the number of quotas. Unused quotas should be pooled and distributed among nations with a surplus of applicants.

If the national-origins feature is to be retained, it should be completely modernized. It should be based on America's population in the 1950 census, not upon an arbitrary basis

Joseph P. Ryan, President of racket-ridden N. Y. Longshoremen's Union, has been ordered by top bosses of AFL to reorganize by April. It will be a test of Joe's power.

These Chinese Red soldiers have had enough Communism and war. They have their hands up in voluntary surrender as they march through U.N. lines manned by ROK's.

United Press photos

Pres. of National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Basil O'Connor (right), gave us hopeful news when he hinted at discovery of new vaccine that may prevent polio.

which restricts Southern and Eastern Europeans. B very retention of this feature involves two doubt sumptions. First, there is the idea that the present ground of our population is the best possible. This arbitrary assumption. Secondly, there is the notion t may select immigrants without any thought for th needs in the modern world. This is hardly a Ch approach to the problem.

It is not un-Christian to consider difficulties in as tion, when studying the matter of quotas. We would no service to migrants, were we to let down all There are problems of language and culture whi may not ignore. Yet a glance at our history shows t the past we have surmounted even worse difficulties. I is any doubt, we can resolve it in favor of the helple hopeless victims of a disorganized world. Our challe our enemies today is as much moral as military. Sur can take the lead by showing moral greatness towa needy millions in other lands.

The Weary World Needs You

SUNDAY, March 15, is Laetare Sunday. In recent this day in Mid-Lent has acquired a new significan American Catholics and also—we hope—for a great mul of afflicted people all ov world. Laetare Sunday is th on which the Bishops o United States collect fun the victims both of war a the current uneasy peace. There are 40,000,000 of They lack such necessities as bread, shoes, cough med and soap.

The Bishops have set a goal of $5,000,000, which are going to ask of American Catholics on March 15. means twelve and one-half cents apiece for each of th victims. It also means a contribution of less than seve cents from each Catholic in the United States—if, of c every Catholic contributes.

Since every Catholic will not contribute—for one reas another—those who do should be as generous as po if the Bishops are to get the $5,000,000 and none o needy ones is to be deprived.

The fact that the Bishops feature this collection so p nently should be a tip-off as to the urgency of the c it serves. It is not a luxury project such as parishes ably conduct on occasion, as, for instance, a church r ration. It is not even a merely necessary enterprise building a school.

It is a drive to relieve desperate distress, such as s ing milk for thin, glassy-eyed, tubercular babies, or shirts for infants who have never had any protection the cold but a wrapping of outdated newspapers and mothers' arms.

It is for arthritic old grandmothers who crawled barbed-wire barricades into the free zones of occupie many and Austria, because their families would not h escaping without them.

It is for old men and young men who must provi refugee dependents in areas whose economy canno employment. It is for people who still live in shell and bombed out cellars, or who have assembled shacks bits of cardboard and flattened out gasoline tins.

There are such people—40,000,000 of them. That the Bishops worry over them and ask your help.

When you are ready to decide on the amount of yo tribution, look around your own home, at the TV s all the nice, shiny electronic gadgets, the healthy ch the contented old folks. . . .

Then think of those others. Make sure they all ge twelve and a half cents.

nd a half years ago, on November 12, 1946, 3200 non-tholic clergymen decreed that Catholics shall be un- Americans unless they join the campaign for birth control. We were unaware of the extreme nature of our involvement until Dean James A. Pike of St. John the Divine Episcopal Cathedral, New York City, told a roundabout way on January 25, 1953. Up to that all we knew of the event of November 12, 1946, was n that occasion 3200 Protestant and Jewish clergymen ved birth control as a good and holy adjunct of can marriage. They demanded too that all welfare ealth agencies follow suit.

utside Con-ce for Catholics!

generation before, the case was somewhat different. tant opinion, then, was not merely anti-birth control. as so anti that—as architect of American public ity—it permitted public men to refer to contraception e suicide. Birth control was the sin of Onan, pin-ed in the Bible by the accusing finger of God and by the literary lightning of the Almighty.

h a showy but perishable moral flourish, Protestantism the Catholic Church—was the ostensible champion of l ethics in the matter of frustrating offspring. Protes- had successfully sponsored legislation forbidding dis-e of birth control information—a political achieve- which could never have been clinched by American lics.

yway, on November 12, 1946, Dean Pike's 3200 col-es repealed whatever law (presumably God's) had been mining the non-Catholic attitude up to that time. They ished their religions on the side of birth control and ed the rest of the world to conform.

at is all we knew of the affair until the Dean made his nent on January 25.

re is what provoked him: Catholic Welfare groups had affiliated with the New York City Welfare and Health cil. The Planned Parenthood people applied for mem-ip in the Council, whereupon the Catholics threatened thdraw if this application were honored. The Council ed to honor it, and the Planned Parenthooders were ed.

on January 25, speaking from the Cathedral pulpit, Dean accused Catholics of being undemocratic and dis-rable. We should discover some way of co-operating the Planned Parenthooders, he said.

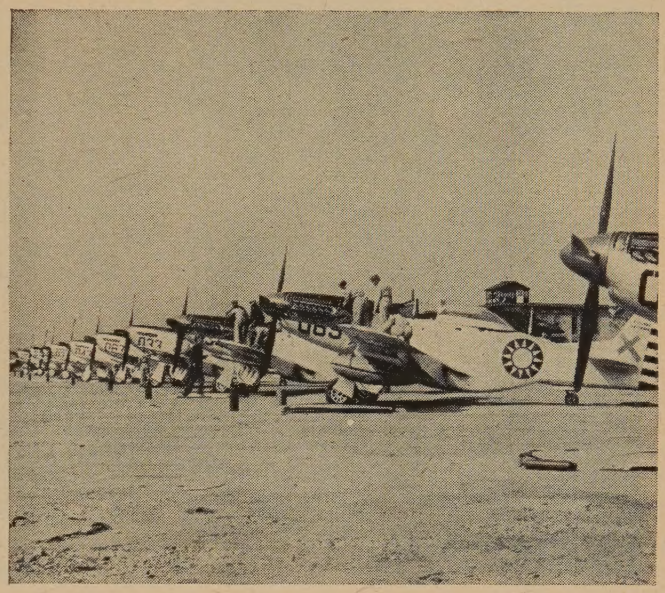
IE many ways in which he would expect this co-opera-on is an interesting item of speculation. Nuns in mater- hospitals could perhaps supply contraceptives to any mother who has had more than the average American limit of 1.9 children per marriage. Or a percentage of Catholic Charities' funds might be earmarked for control clinics. Or perhaps the Cardinal would like sign a Monsignor to the Clergymen's Advisory Com-e of the Planned Parenthood Committee—of which, ently, Dean Pike is Chairman.

ocracy's Clergy-Outvote God

t no matter how the Dean visualized this liaison be-n Catholics and contraceptionists, the incident, as far e can see, comes to this: On November 12, 1946, the onal Clergymen's Committee of the Planned Parenthood mittee decreed that Catholics shall be defective citizens ss they support birth control as a welfare measure.

w we can entertain ourselves laying bets on when we be called upon to support a program of euthanasia, rder to make acceptable citizens out of ourselves. Or ic extermination of the insane and other inconvenient

Yugoslav dictator, Tito, meets with the Bishops. The Marshal wants the Church in Yugoslavia divorced from the Pope and nationalized under the state. The state is Tito.



Nationalist Air Force ready for action on Formosa, now that Eisenhower has removed blockade. This chance to fight for their country's freedom has been long awaited.

United Press photos

More fighters for the free world. American trained and equipped Japanese Forces on winter maneuvers at Hokkaido. Training began at start of the Korean conflict.

United Press photos

The first Prince of the Church from India, Valeriano Cardinal Gracias, Archbishop of Bombay. A well-deserved honor to a country that has been so good to the missionaries.

The old GI ingenuity went to work again and transformed an ordinary field tent into a church. Soldiers on a day's rest from the Korean front pray here by day and night.

Wide World

This German baby doesn't know what it missed—thank God. Her parents braved Soviet sentry's fire to flee to the West. Thousands flee the Red "paradise" daily.

incurables. Or sociological dosings which are in vog certain progressive areas of the world today or have vogue in the recent past—like gas chamber liquidati Jews or slave-labor battalions.

When will we be required to embrace this more adv social planning, in order to escape the reactionary bla That will depend. It will depend on when Dean Pik his colleagues change their minds about these droll e ments in social betterment, as on November 12, 1946 changed their minds about contraception.

It hasn't happened yet. As of this date, we are bo the same side—as we were, once upon a time, with refe to birth control.

But surely the great excommunication will come will be made undesirable citizens by the simple proc about 3200 people changing their minds.

Obviously, the only way out left us by Dean Pike give up the idea that God made the Law of God and p another creed. Namely, that God drafted a bill and sented it to a Congress of 3200 Protestant and Jewish d men for amendment.

PRESIDENT Eisenhower in his State of the Union sage announced a new and stronger American le the cold war. His Secretary of State, John Foster D toured Europe to see for h how some of the pressing lems there were being met. men have made it known clearly that this country d intend to continue letting Soviet Russia call the Neither will we shoulder the world's burdens alone. We expect greater effort and closer co-operation from countries whose aims agree with ours.

A New Foreign Policy

This new firmness should please our allies and caus small discomfort to our enemies. But it could co cropper here at home. Any policy that lacks general su from the American people is courting failure.

We think, therefore, that the next big step the Adm tration should take is to make its new and firmer cour all-American, not just a Republican, program. It mu this by consultation with the Democratic leadership i foreign policy field. The time is at hand for a return t bipartisan idea in foreign policy.

Eisenhower and Dulles have measured their prob and reached basic conclusions about their course of a before calling in the "loyal opposition" for consulta They cannot be blamed for that. But now that their course is set, it is time to recall that foreign policy different sort of thing from domestic policy. Both affec American people. But policy problems at home are deciding whether to plant your field with rye or oats. eign policy problems are more like figuring how to the field from being snatched from you altogether. By w domestic policies, you can get your shirt mussed. B chosen foreign policy, you can lose it.

The Republican party should show some sym toward the bipartisan idea that worked in its fav long under the leadership of the late Senator Arthur Va burg. And the Democrats have an obligation to de leaders whose advice the Administration will value. candidates are there. Senator George, as senior Dem on the Foreign Relations Committee, is one. Senator nedy of Massachusetts is another. Senator Sparkman prompt to show interest in the Eisenhower-Dulles pro

Actually, who plays this role of minority consultan foreign policy is less important right now. The really u thing is that some Democrat—or even several Democ play it, and that the Republican leadership make u this extra resource for the country's benefit.

MEANY: AFL's New Chief

The Honest Plumber from the Bronx knows how run a labor organization, and will. Nobody will run him. Not even John L. Lewis, who once tried

by JOHN C. CORT

United Press

George Meany, New President of the AFL

HORTLY after George Meany was elected president of the AFL last ovember, a Catholic journalist called m long distance and asked him a lot sharp questions:

"What do you honestly think of the pes' encyclicals? What is the AFL ing to do about racketeering in the ngshoremen's union? Do you have a ecific plan for unity with the CIO? ow will labor make out under Eisen-wer?"

Meany was very short with his ques-oner, almost rude. The man told me out it. "You know," he said, "Meany just like the rest of the old-line AFL bor leaders: he's got the job, he's got e dues-paying members, so to hell with e public."

"You're wrong," I said. "Meany esn't fit that pattern at all. You didn't proach him right. Look into Meany's ckground and his record. You'll find rtain qualities, granted, that fit the d-time labor czar. He's got the build, begin with. But stand him up in ont of the National Press Club in ashington, as they did a few weeks ck, and Meany will give you a talk nd answer your questions just as smart nd snappy, and agreeable, as you lease."

My friend was not immediately con-nced. I had to bring up other argu-ents. Such as:

Meany has been a lifelong Democrat. e is related by marriage to Ed Flynn, e Boss of the Bronx. But Meany, as resident of the New York State Feder-ion of Labor, backed Fusion and La-uardia. He opposed a third term for oosevelt, but, more than any other man in the AFL, it was he who insisted that the last AFL convention endorse Adlai Stevenson for President.

In so doing, Meany bucked a tradition that went back to the founding of the AFL in 1886. (In 1924, the Federation's executive council had endorsed the senior LaFollette, who was running for President on the Progressive ticket, but 1952 was the first time an AFL convention had endorsed anybody and the first time the AFL had endorsed a candidate of either of the major political parties.)

I asked Meany myself if he thought the AFL would go back to political neutrality in Presidential elections, now that the AFL choice had been so soundly beaten.

"What makes you think the AFL was ever neutral?" was his answer. "There you go making assumptions again."

Meany apparently takes the position that the difference in the AFL's support of the Democratic national ticket as between, say, 1948 and 1952, was a matter of degree, not of kind. In 1948 the AFL as such did not back Truman, but certainly most of the top leaders were outspoken in their support. As for the future, this is the way Meany puts it:

"We didn't go in business to win elections. We go into elections and go into politics only to the extent that we think it is necessary in order to carry out our prime objective of raising the standards of life and of work of the workers of this nation. And we expect to continue to take part in elections. We expect to continue our political activity . . ."

At any rate, Meany, on the political question, doesn't fit the ancient AFL pattern, whatever he may say. And the reports are that a group of old-line craft unionists within the Federation are rather nervous about his ascendancy to the No. 1 spot. They could control Bill Green, but Meany looks like a man who wants to run things and knows how to run things. They are right. He is.

And though his man Stevenson lost, it didn't take Meany long to recoup. He went to see Eisenhower and had a long, earnest talk with him. A few days later, Eisenhower announced the appointment of another plumber, another Catholic and another Stevenson supporter, Martin Durkin, as Secretary of Labor. Taft, of course, was furious. But now Meany is sitting down with Taft to sell the Senator labor's position on Taft-

Hartley amendments. He will not get everything he wants from Mr. Taft, but it will not be for lack of trying.

On the question of racketeering, the break with tradition is not so sharp, but Meany's friends insist that it is no less definite. About ten years ago, a labor reporter asked Meany, who was then secretary-treasurer of the AFL, about Joe Fay. Fay, a friend of Meany's, was vice-president of the Operating Engineers and was just then coming into that little trouble with the law that sent him up the River for a number of years to repent his sins at government expense.

According to the reporter, Meany's reply was typical of the old-style AFL labor leader: "Meany says all he knows about Fay as a labor leader is that under his regime wages enjoyed by New York operating engineers are higher than any others in the country. All he knows about Fay's trouble with the law, he says, is what he reads in the papers. 'I never ran into the problem of racketeering,' says Meany."

But several years ago, Meany helped set up a committee on racketeering within the AFL. The results were not sensational, but they had substance. Of course, the AFL is a federation of autonomous international unions, and there isn't a great deal the AFL itself can do about corruption in one international other than lift the union's charter. But things had reached the point in the longshoremen's union where people were asking Meany, "When are you going to lift the charter?"

THE answer to the question came abruptly and clearly on February 3, when the AFL executive council met for the first time under George Meany's leadership. By unanimous vote, they put it on the line to Joe Ryan and the International Longshoremen's Association, to wit, "Either clean house by April 30 or we will lift your charter." To the reporters, Meany put it simply. He said that the AFL would not allow any union to use its right to manage its own affairs as "a shield for disreputable practices that victimize the workers."

The council also set down the conditions of a proper clean-up:

1. Removal of all ILA officials with criminal records.

2. Removal of all ILA officials who have taken bribes or gifts from employers or appointed criminals to union office.

3. Abolition of the shape-up system of hiring, a perfect tool for the mobsters.

4. Establishment of democratic practices inside the union.

This was something new in AFL history, something that the friends of American labor rejoiced to see. It was a tribute to Meany's ability to break with the past.

It is not easy to find a ready answer in the story of his life. Born in the Bronx fifty-nine years ago of Irish Catholic parentage, George Meany early took to the trade, or trades, of his father, Michael, who was both a foreman plumber and for twelve years president of his local of the United Association of Plumbers and Steamfitters, AFL.

George completed only one year of high school, but he has taught himself a lot since those days. His mind is sharp and his vocabulary excellent, with only an occasional lapse into the tougher dialects of the Bronx.

Then as now, Meany knew how to talk, and he had a voice that could make the chandeliers shake if there were any chandeliers around to be shaken. He took to getting up at union meetings and having a word to say. By the time he was twenty-eight, he was so well thought of in the local that they elected him business agent at a salary of $60 a week plus $15 for expenses, pretty good money for a young fellow in those days.

IT has been said of Meany that he "never organzed, never ran a strike, never had any trouble with the cops." Maybe so, but in 1927 he showed that he could handle himself and the union when trouble broke. The Brooklyn plumbers went on strike, and Meany saw to it that they got some work in the Bronx. The employers resented this action which apparently forced them to support a strike against their fellow contractors in Brooklyn. So they locked out the Bronx plumbers.

Meany didn't sit around. He went into court and got an injunction which prevented the employers from locking out their employees, regardless of whether they came from Brooklyn or the Bronx. This was one of the first times a labor union used the hated injunction against an employer, and it made something of a reputation for young Meany.

He had already become secretary of the Building and Construction Trades Council of New York City. In 1934, they elected him president of the New York State Federation of Labor, the youngest man (at forty) to hold the job since the immortal Sam Gompers.

It was a low-water mark for labor. Unemployment was running at a peak and union organization close to ze But Meany pitched in up at Alba and before he was through in 1939 New York legislature had put m prolabor laws on the books than a other legislature has before or sin These included the first unemployme insurance law in the state's history

This too represented a break w tradition. In the old days, the A took the position: "Give us the mon in the pay envelope and we'll take c of unemployment, old-age, illness, a the rest." Meany was one of the first recognize that the Great Depression h knocked this theory of "pure-and-simp trade unionism" right into the ashc

AS a plumber, Meany had natural lies in the building trades. He a won the support of crotchety old D Tobin, boss of the powerful teamste union. In addition, any man backed the New York AFL started off wi close to one quarter of the AFL national membership in his corner.

So in 1939, when Frank Morrison r signed, there was no contest for secr tary-treasurer of the AFL. It was Geor Meany in a walk.

For a long time, he commuted fro AFL headquarters in Washington his two-family house in the Bron Weekends he enjoyed a little golf, taking one of his three pretty daughte to a ball game, or a little cards wi friends, or an occasional bit of dancin with his wife. They have all move to Washington now, but the domest pattern is about the same.

By reason of his presidency of th AFL, Meany is now No. 1 man in U. labor. There is no question about tha The AFL has well over 8,000,000 mem bers, the CIO not much over 4,000,00 Perhaps Meany will yet preside ov an amalgamation of the two.

There was a time, back in 1942, whe John L. Lewis was still in the CI that the great John L. proposed the id of a unified movement with Meany president. It was called "the Mea plan."

Nothing came of it, because Lew overlooked the fact that at the tim he was no longer president of the CI Philip Murray having succeeded to th post and Murray having a mind of h own.

Later Lewis left the CIO and a fe years afterward went back to the AF If he expected Meany to be his p he was sadly mistaken. At the AFL co vention of 1947, Lewis blasted t leaders of the Federation for the willingness to sign the non-Commun affidavits required by the Taft-Hartl Act.

He was going great guns, voice boo ing and eyebrows waving, until Mea

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k the floor against him. Meany gan to boom back at him. By the e he was through, Lewis was licked l the debate was over. There was rcely anyone in the room, except nn L. himself and a few of his hench-n, who was not convinced that the ly sensible thing to do was go ahead l sign the affidavits.

If there was any doubt in the dele-es' minds as to who would be the xt president of the AFL, it disap-ared that day. Meany had proved at he had what it takes. After all, ere still aren't many labor leaders who n stand up to John L. Lewis, nor ny employers either.

When William Green was alive, he ed to irritate the living daylights t of the leaders of the CIO by his gular homilies on the theme: "Come ck home, boys, and ask your old ther's forgiveness and all will be well." George Meany knows better than at. If there is no labor unity, it will because Walter Reuther is too human preside so early over the liquidation his shiny new job as president of e CIO. It will not be because of any tronizing manner on Meany's part.

About the CIO, Meany says: "We've t to look at this thing the way it is. ney have an organization. . . . They e a trade union and so are we. We've th got to bargain."

And he sounds determined to make e bargaining work. "There's no rea-n for disunity that I know of," he ys. "There was absolutely no trade ion reason for a split between the FL and the CIO, and there is no trade union reason for continuing that split.

"However, despite this feeling of good faith, which I am sure is there, and despite the absence of the bitterness which has more or less faded away over the years, it still is a man-sized job to blend these two unions together. But we're going at it. We're going to tackle it, and we're going to do everything possible that we can to bring it about."

God grant him success.

No, Meany is not a carbon copy of the mossbacked, narrow-minded labor leader of the old school. Despite his treatment of my journalist friend, who incidentally happened to be myself, he has shown himself sensitive to the need of putting labor's story before the public. He has even begun to realize that the public, about three times out of ten, is the union member himself, or a member of his family.

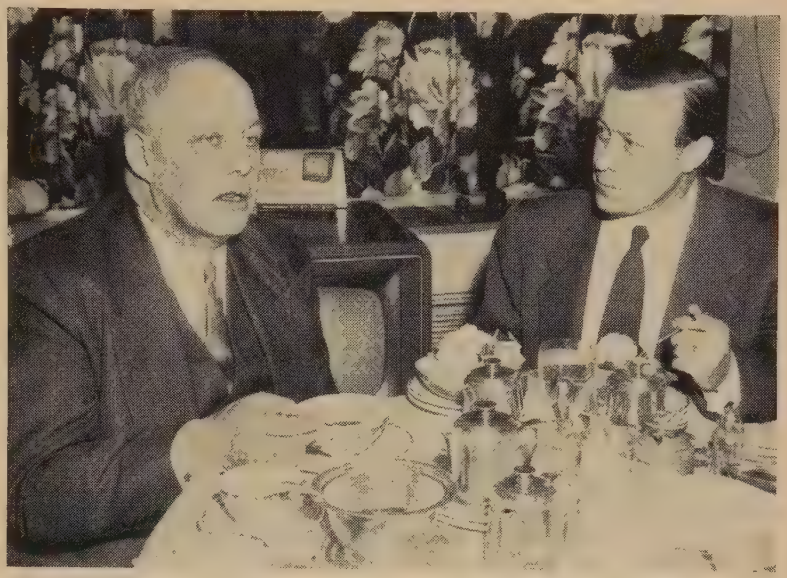
For this reason, Meany instigated a regular AFL radio news broadcast several years back. This program, featuring news commentator Frank Edwards, is heard on many stations of the Mutual Broadcasting System on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday nights. For this reason, Meany was also largely responsible for the AFL's putting out a lively eight-page weekly tabloid, *AFL News Reporter*, which has done much to make union members at least better informed about the world they live in.

There is nothing provincial, nothing isolationist about Meany. Within the Federation, he has been one of the most international-minded of its leaders. He can, and sometimes does, talk for an hour about the work the AFL has done in Europe and Asia to build free trade unions and stop the onward march of Communism. On this subject Meany waxes eloquent. This is what he told a meeting of the Catholic Labor Alliance of Chicago several years ago, at a time when he was battling for greater representation for labor in the U. S. defense set-up:

"We know that the fight against Communist totalitarianism can never be completely won on the battlefields alone. In the final showdown, the fight for human freedom and decency will have to be won in the factories and on the farms. This is precisely the reason why American labor has been so insistent on an adequate voice and full rights in our nation's defense mobilization set-up. It is not narrow partisanship or selfish motives but the highest patriotism which has animated our insistence on a fair deal for labor, on full rights for labor, in the mobilization of America for the triumph of peace and freedom.

"Yes, in this grave hour the people of America can be fully assured that in American labor the cause of democracy at home and abroad has a most devoted, determined, and dynamic champion."

George Meany, the Honest Plumber, as he has been called (over his strenuous objections) may not answer Webster's definition of "dynamic," but he is certainly "devoted and determined," especially determined. He has come far since the days he swung a wrench at a pipe back in the Bronx. The odds are that he will go even farther.



AFL and CIO discuss merger. Union Presidents Meany and Reuther

Seated, Mr. and Mrs. Meany. Front, daughters Genevieve and Eileen. Rear, son-in-law Robert C. Mayer and wife

THAT Jews are singled out as the victims in the latest wave of Soviet and satellite purges should astonish no one. Soviet anti-Semitism is neither new nor surprising. The record shows progressive deterioration in the treatment of Russia's Jews since the early 1920's.

Soviet anti-Semitism is another manifestation of Communism's systematic oppression of any group or movement which cannot be completely robbed of its characteristic identity and regimented to robot status. From the day it was conceived in the choleric brain of its author, Marxism has flourished on intolerance Karl Marx's unprincipled treatment of his opponents, and even of his collaborators, foreshadowed today's Russia with its blood purges, its hatred of human freedom, and above all its savage persecution of human dignity. Despite his own Jewish birth, Marx set the example for the cynical anti-Semitism his followers practice today.

The spiritual father of Russian Communism, although the descendant of devout rabbis on both sides of his family, constantly vilified his own people. Karl Marx's father became a Protestant for political advancement and not out of conviction; the son called himself an atheist. For no apparent reason—may it not simply have been their misanthropic temperaments?—Marx and his lifelong associate, Friedrich Engels, were violent anti-Semites.

Lenin, the chief disciple of Marx and Engels, seems to have been quite free from anti-Semitism, but signs of Stalin's sly anti-Jewishness appear early in his career. In 1907, he published a report on the London Congress of the Russian Social Democratic Party, the party that Lenin was to transform into the spearhead of Communism. After mentioning that the majority of the Menshevik, or moderate, delegates were Jews, while the "overwhelming majority" of the Bolsheviks were Russian, Stalin continued: "For this reason, one of the Bolsheviks observed in jest . . . that the Mensheviks are a Jewish faction, the Bolsheviks a genuine Russian faction; hence it wouldn't be a bad idea for us Bolsheviks to conduct a pogrom in the Party." This was in 1907, when Russia's Jews had just been through three years of savage pogroms, culminating in the notorious Kishinev massacre.

Stalin further revealed the trend of his mind in his 1913 thesis on *Marxism and the National Question*. In this work, which he has always regarded as his most masterful contribution to Bolshevik political theory, the future Red dictator described the Jews as "mystical, incomprehensible, and unrealistic" and advocated their extinction as a religious and political group.

When the Bolsheviks seized power in Russia, they found themselves the heirs of an already prevalent and vicious type of Jewish persecution. Czarist officials had frequently encouraged anti-Semitism because it gave their oppressed subjects the opportunity to dissipate their dissatisfaction with the regime. The Red bosses have not been ashamed to borrow from their predecessors' tactics.

Since the Red revolution, Soviet anti-Semitism has gone through three separate but evolutionary phases. The current accusations against Jewish medical men and Zionist "agents" are merely the climactic stage of a long process.

During the days of "war Communism," from 1917 to 1922, and again after the abolition of the semicapitalist NEP system of the early 'twenties, anti-Semitism was an integral part of the program laid out by the Reds for the liquidation of the bourgeoisie and other "reactionary" classes. It reached its height as the declassed Jews, deprived of their normal means of livelihood as small merchants and traders, flocked to the factories. There they became the victims of lower-class elements who were encouraged by the Red authorities to believe that the new Jewish workers were depriving them of their own jobs. During this phase, Soviet anti-Semitism was the result of government policy and was unofficially encouraged by the ru of the country, but it was not yet law of the land.

Persecution took a genuinely polit turn, however, as the struggle betw Stalin and Trotsky for Lenin's ma entered its final stages. During this riod and during the bloody purges t accompanied and followed Stalin's c plete victory, practically every old B shevik leader of Jewish origin was lic dated. The fight against Trotsky never openly placed on an anti-Sem basis, but Stalin's lieutenants, includ Georgi Malenkov, then his secretary a now reputed to be his heir, furtiv circulated anti-Semitic propaganda d ing the contest. Trotsky was the o Jewish comrade to escape with his then, for Zinoviev, Kamenev, and Rad paid the extreme penalty. Stalin re fied that error later, of course, by h ing Trotsky assassinated.

During the war, there was a hiatus anti-Jewish activity. Stalin wisely ured that if there were nothing to d tinguish him from Hitler, lend-lease a other forms of American aid might n come his way. But Soviet Russia's thi and current, anti-Semitic drive beg almost immediately after Germany's s render. Its aim seems to be to wipe d the last traces of independent Jew culture, even if this means the exter

The shift from secret to open anti-Semitism is a radical change in Soviet policy. What is behind this move?

THE NEW RED PURGE

by JAMES V. PARKER

Photos from International & Wide W

n of the Soviet Empire's two and lf million surviving Jews.

early days, the Bolsheviks at- ted to conceal the true nature of campaign by describing it as an lt on "homeless and rootless cosmo- ans" under the thumb of Western ical circles and bourgeois culture. fact remains that nine out of ten s victims were Jews. Of late the have simply grown bolder, or less tive to public opinion, and are will- o admit it's the Jews they're after. "homeless and rootless cosmopoli- " of 1946-1952 have become the nist bandits" or "Jewish White rd Nationalists" of today.

ne fact that Russian anti-Semitism a negative aspect during the period e Nazi-Soviet pact and the war years followed led to many tragedies. Be- e the controlled Russian press never ered to mention Hitler's anti-Jewish ages, the Jewish population of the pied areas did not understand the ortance of flight when the Nazis in- d Russia in 1941. The almost total idation of the Jews living in Nazi- pied Russia and the Ukraine can be buted to this serious omission. It s very much as if Stalin hoped that er would do his work for him.

he plight of the surviving Jews in satellite states is bad enough, but that of their fellows who are prisoners behind the Soviet frontiers is much worse. In Soviet Russia, the land of "brotherhood," Jewish intellectuals, writers, artists, actors, and other professionals have been liquidated. Jewish officials and Communist functionaries have been stripped of their posts and offices—the lucky ones; the unlucky ones are now filling the cells of Red prisons.

The once "autonomous" Jewish state of Biro-Bidjan, highly touted a few years ago as the Soviet answer to the persecution of Jews elsewhere in the world, has been stripped of its Jewish leadership. Its Jewish colonists, who did the back-breaking pioneer work needed to bring the land under cultivation, have been dispossessed in favor of Russian peasant families. Meanwhile, of course, Jewish religious elements are experiencing the same sort of persecution atheist Russia reserves for the faithful of all creeds.

In a totalitarian state, where men are exposed to constant propaganda and coercion, the official line soon contaminates the majority of citizens. A recent newspaper item underlines the fact that this officially sponsored anti-Semitism is beginning to influence the Russian people. It tells the story of a Red Army pilot who married a Jewess. The pilot's officers, under the influence of the propaganda, made life miserable for him because of his *mésalliance* and eventually he divorced his wife "to avoid embarrassment." Later he fled to Stockholm in revulsion and disgust. This incident can be multiplied many times to illustrate the deep-seated hold that anti-Semitism has acquired over the Russians.

Communist anti-Jewish propaganda is as vicious as the old Nazi brand. Soviet cartoonists use familiar stereotypes to portray Jews and Westerners. They draw them as hook-nosed peddlers, corpulent and ostentatiously dressed. Articles in the controlled press and talks over the Red radio refer to Jews in disparaging and even obscene terms.

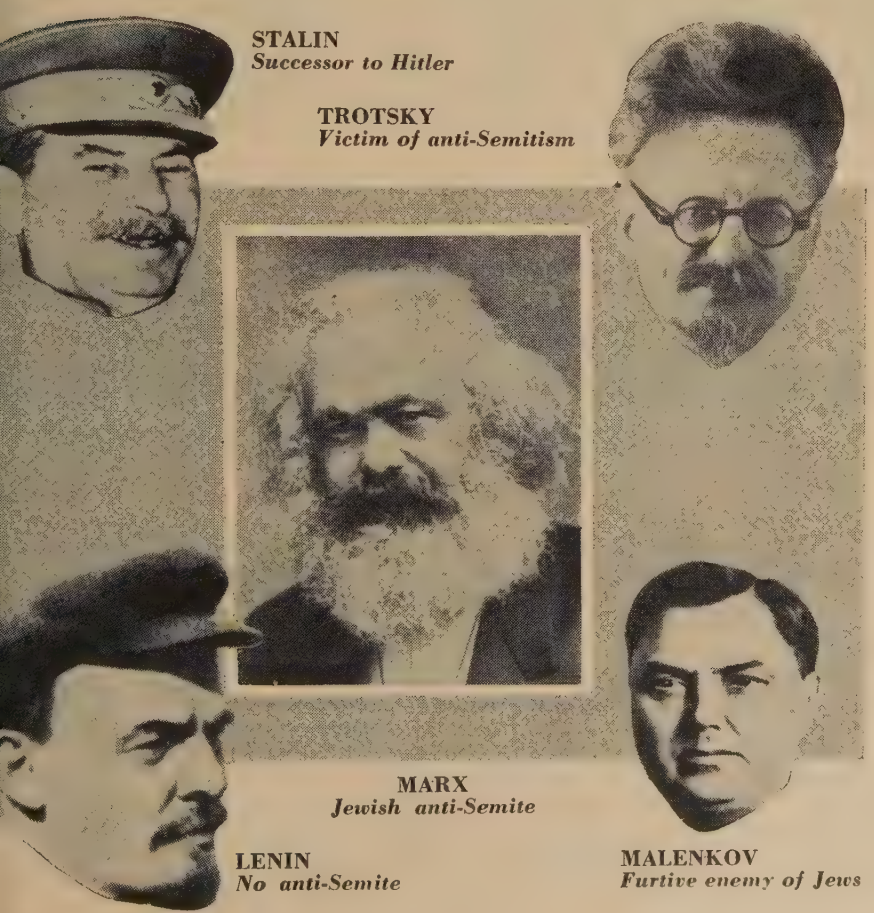
Internal passports are necessities for the Soviet subject, who cannot move even from one village to the next without one. But only the Jews of Russia are identified by origin on these passports. The word "Jew" is heavily rubber-stamped over their identification papers.

The final result is that there are frequent cases of mob violence against Jews, who find it increasingly difficult to secure work in the "workers' paradise."

Since it is certain that in a totalitarian police state such propaganda and such incidents are not spontaneous but deliberately planned, what can be the reason for Soviet anti-Semitism? Beyond a long-range plan to eliminate all who are capable of resisting regimentation, why does Stalin encourage and even foster anti-Semitism?

I suggest this answer. A panic spread among the Bolsheviks in 1941 and 1942, the years of Nazi victory and Red Army mass surrenders. The Russian people simply would not respond to the old Bolshevik slogans. They could only be rallied to fight the invader by appeals to their patriotism and by the promise of a better future. In his extremity, Stalin sought the support of his people in the name of nationalism and patriotism, not Communism. He pledged them greater freedom and a more abundant life when victory was won. This propaganda line succeeded; the Russians fought courageously for their country—in spite of, not because of, the hated regime that controlled it.

When the war ended, the Bolsheviks were confronted by a series of pledges they had made but had no intention to honor. The Russian people became sullen and restless. There is only one way to control a sullen people, displeased with its government, and that is to distract them from the issues which arouse their anger. If the people can be encouraged to find another outlet for their displeasure, to find a scapegoat to draw their attention away from their real enemy, then the regime is safe. So Stalin is encouraging the dormant anti-Semitism of the Russian masses.



The glorious strains of harp and fiddle wove a spell no heart could resist, on this memor

Saint Patrick's Da

SISTER Mary Dolores twisted on the hard seat of the army wagon to get the gnawing kink out of her back. Ahead, one of the mules let out a snorting bray and young Michael slapped the reins before the others could start in hideous concert. The prairie dust seeping in through the buttoned-down ambulance curtains made Sister want to sneeze. She pinched her nose lest she disturb Sister Placida, heavy and motionless beside her. With all her heart, Sister Dolores wished that one of the wagon women, walking for a stretch, would come by and tap at the curtains. Not one had been by all morning. Not even that whining Mrs. Piney with her perpetual snuff stick and her unending litany of complaints.

At least, Mrs. Piney could clamber down from her wagon and walk off some of her fretfulness. At least she could go talk to people. It just had to be my luck, thought Sister Dolores ruefully, to draw Sister Placida for a traveling companion. All the way from Kentucky, Sister Placida had said little more than her prayers. Of course, Sister was undoubtedly a very guished woman and very respec the Society. Everyone at Loretto so highly of her accomplishmen had been common talk amon novices that she could speak La well as a priest—and French, a sorts of foreign tongues. And a musician, too.

Sister Dolores put out her to touched the violin case at Sister da's feet. To think she had pres that first day traveling in to Bard to refer to it as a "fiddle." She b

The camp became a hubbub of laughter and gaiety

t the remembrance of her solemn chiding. "My violin, dear Sister. And not harp. *Concert* harp."

Twiddle for that old *concert* harp, Sister Dolores thought rebelliously—and waited four full seconds before she murmured an ejaculation against disrespect. But if it weren't for that boxed-up mausoleum, we wouldn't be poking along like this behind those six plodding old mules. We would have taken the stage, as I am sure Mother intended, and we'd be well-nigh to Santa Fe by now. But at Independence, Sister Placida had found that the harp was too cumbersome and too heavy to go by the mail coach, and she wouldn't be separated from it. So willy-nilly, they had waited for the first wagon train.

SOME people at Independence had frowned at a train's starting out so early in the year; but spring had come early, or rather, winter seemed to have fled before its usual time. Because of the Cheyenne and the Sioux, many of the travelers had been cooped up in Independence or Westport Landing since last summer. Their money was running out and they were anxious to be on their way, the traders especially. The stages to and from Santa Fe had been coming in and out without harm.

So Sister Dolores had kept to herself the troubled headshakes from some of the scouts. Probably Sister Placida wouldn't have approved of her bowing to them, anyway. Not that they didn't seem to be good Christian men. Good Catholic men, too, some of them. One of them, for all he was so whiskery and kind of smelly in his stained buckskins, had asked her to mend his Rosary.

She reached under her black serge apron into her pocket for her tatting shuttle and thread. Light enough shone into the wagon around the silhouette of Michael in the driver's seat and under the looped-up curtains of the backboard, but the ambulance joggled in the ruts too much for anything but "made work." Sister Dolores did not dare trust herself to take from her big reticule the deep, intricately designed strip of Irish crochet that was to border the fine linen rochet Reverend Mother was sending to Archbishop Lamy. One bounce of the wagon like that back a few perches and the work of weeks would be ruined. Talk about the rocky road to Dublin! Why, compared to this it would be as smooth as cream.

Ah, Dublin! Dear Ireland. She squeezed her eyelids tight and pressed her upper lip with a firm finger lest the tears of homesickness that plagued her so much at first in the novitiate come again now. But at the motherhouse there was always someone to understand. So many of the older nuns were from home. If only Sister Kathleen Marie or Sister Jane Francis were making the trip to Santa Fe with her. What grand talk they would have of the old land. How quickly the miles would speed away. But no, it had to be Sister Placida, so proper and dignified and high-toned. French.

She probably thinks I'm a wild one, Sister Dolores thought, with no brains at all except at the end of my fingers. Truth to tell, she probably thinks she's saddled with me, just as I *know* I'm saddled with her. She started to giggle at the thought that probably each of them was offering up the other's continuing presence as a penance and mortification.

In the corral of the wagons that night, as they sat at their own little fire that Michael had lighted, she ventured a few timid questions to Sister Placida about the famous trip across the plains that Mother Ann Joseph Mattingly had made in 1853. Indians had swooped down on the caravan that time.

But at the fire, Sister Placida had only said, "That was a long time ago, Sister. Things have changed in fifteen years. You mustn't worry your head about those far-off pioneer days."

That was the whole trouble, thought Sister Dolores. The pioneers had all the fun. Nowadays there wasn't even a solitary chance of being a martyr. Everything was so dull on a trip like this.

Day after monotonous day, the ambulance creaked along in the midst of the heavier, jolting wagons. The pace was slow. Fifteen or sixteen miles on good days, twelve on an average; and only two miles the day the fierce rainstorm swept madly over the prairies and the oxen bogged down in the quickly churned mud. At the rate they were going, it would be all of two months from Independence to the city of Saint Francis of the Holy Faith. And the overland stage could make it in half the time, more's the pity. Ah, but sure, if it was a big pianoforte now I could get mad with it; but I'd not be my father's daughter, and Saint Patrick's daughter and Saint Brigid's daughter, if I ever allowed the rise of real anger in me against, of all things, a harp. Even if it's a *concert* harp and maybe little enough like that of Phelim Brady and the noble Minstrel Boy. She hummed both airs, but to herself, lest Sister Placida be outraged entirely.

WALNUT Creek, that was the name of the last fording. Before that it was Cow Creek, the name that made Sister Dolores think poignantly of the great rocks, the Bull, the Cow, and the Calf that stood off shore from her own Berehaven in Bantry Bay. Then the Arkansas River, where the crossing was slow and tedious although there had been no mishaps.

"Is there any place with a name on it that we're coming close to now at all, Michael?" Sister Dolores called out softly to the young lad clucking at the mules.

"The master said at the fire this morning we'll be off the big rock tonight, Sister. The Pawnee Rock. It would be as well to get by it, he was thinking. It's a bad place."

"Now, what's bad about it?"

"Well, I wouldn't like to be saying, Sister. The wagonmaster said never mind to be talking about it. But it has a bad name, anyway."

He would say no more; but then he had never been exactly chatty, thought Sister, good, fine boy as he was nevertheless. But her curiosity was piqued

in the Morning

by
DORAN HURLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM RUTHERFOORD

The young nun's fingers at once grew firm and assured

and she welcomed the scratching on the curtain a little later that meant the boring Mrs. Piney was trudging alongside.

Mrs. Piney was as sad-faced as ever when Sister undid the curtain buttons and looked out and down upon her weary sunbonnet. More than that, Mrs. Piney distinctly had a "feeling," as she told Sister over and over. She had it when she got up and she had had it all day. She reckoned she never had had one of her "feelings" as bad as this one in years. And it was well known back in Kaintucky that when she had one of her "feelings" it meant a powerful heap of bad luck. Nothing good ever came out of her having one of them. And this one was so powerful bad, it wouldn't surprise her none if they wasn't all drowned or hit by lightning or scalped by Injuns or killed by wild beasts or all of them together.

Sister soothed the querulous, complaining woman as best she could, then made an aspiration to Our Lady of Light, patron of the nuns' academy in Santa Fe. "Dearest Mother Mary, lighten this poor soul's burden. Lighten her heart. Bring light to her soul."

The wagonmaster halted the caravan early that night, with Pawnee Rock still a few miles in the distance. The great mound on the plains looked mountainous in the dusk, rising so suddenly in the prairie flatness. The wagons wheeled into their circle with the usual rattle of yokes and clanking of chains and the hoarse cries of the teamsters. But it was an odd thing, Sister Dolores commented to herself, that the master made the drivers circle twice before he was satisfied with the starting of the corral; and some of the wagons he moved out of their ordinary place in the line. He ordered Michael, too, to back their own carriage inside the circle, up against a schooner heavily laden with traders' goods that it took twelve oxen to draw.

The evening meal was quiet enough in the camp. It was too quiet. Much too quiet, said Sister Dolores to Sister Placida. But Sister Placida merely nodded. "It's peaceful," she said. "We must take all things as they come by the will of God." That was after Tom Rafferty, the wagonmaster, had come to the fire and started to speak urgently to the elder nun. They had barely begun to talk when Sister Placida, in a strangely awkward movement, had knocked over the cannister of water for their tea. Willy-nilly, Sister Dolores, at a nod from the elder nun, had had to go to have it refilled.

RAFFERTY was gone when she returned; though she had gone to the nearest water keg, lickety-split as she acknowledged. But a little later the reason for the conference seemed clear.

The signal horn, trumpeting over the after-supper bustle, had called the company together. This had happened before; but now there seemed greater urgency in the horn's blasting hoarseness. And it was surprising to have Sister Placida gather up the skirts of her habit at once and reach up automatically to see that her black veil with the two embroidered Sacred Hearts at the lappets was firmly pinned beneath her chin. Before, Sister had been well content to hear whatever news there was at second-hand. "Come, Sister," she said matter-of-factly, and moved off majestically into the gathering crowd.

"Good people," Rafferty's voice boomed out, "usually on a trip like this, it happens that we have a parson or a padre along. I know you're all God-fearing folk and I never seen a wagon train where there was less bickering and quarreling. But some of us was thinking that we have got along so well so far on the trail that we ought to thank God for His blessings and ask Him to keep on watching over us. Kind of ask Him all together, not just by ourselves. So since we ain't got no parson along, I bid fair tonight to ask one of the holy ladies we're right proud to have traveling along with us to lead us in prayer. They happen to be of the same complexion as myself so far as worshipping God goes; and maybe some of you don't hold with them and me. That's all right, too. But, anyways, I think we ought to have some public thanks to God, and I'll be hanged if I know of anyone else here better suited to give it."

Sister Placida, with a tug at Sister Dolores' sleeve, sailed through the crowd into the circle; and, kneeling at once, began the "Our Father." Then from her little traveling Bible she read out the Twenty-second Psalm: *The Lord ruleth me; and I shall want nothing. He hath set me in a place of pasture.*

SISTER Dolores felt a rustle of surprise go through the crowd that a Catholic Sister should be reading from Scripture. But the clear, old voice was unfaltering. In turn she called out the 106th Psalm: *Give glory to the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever. Let them say so that have been redeemed by the Lord, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy, and gathered out of the countries. . . .* And then, finally, the 120th Psalm: *I have lifted my eyes up to the mountains, whence help shall come to me. My help is in the Lord, who made heaven and earth. . . .*

Then, almost like a real parson, Tom Rafferty scratched his head admiringly before he remembered that he should set an example. A sudden thought struck him. He nudged Red Peter O'Brien beside him, "Say the Hail Mary, you blasphemous old coot, and pass the word around to our own. We'll be needing her help, too. Sister knows that right well, only she's too clever and good to be starting an argument with some of these hymn-bookers." Sure enough, he saw the two nuns were fingering their Rosaries.

Mrs. Piney caught up to the Sisters as they went slowly back to their wagon. "I must say, ladies, I must say, Popish or not, them prayers were real Christian."

At the ambulance, Sister Dolores waited to help Sister Placida mount.

"No," the elder nun said, "I'm not going to sleep for a while. I'll stay here until the fire dies and maybe catch up on a few prayers. You go get your rest. But don't be worried."

As Sister Dolores showed her astonishment at the strange break in the unvarying routine, Sister Placida remarked in the tone she would use if she had found a spot on her habit, "There's Red Indians about, or so it seems. But poor harmless creatures, no doubt. It's only, dear Sister, I thought it best to use only the Psalms tonight. Now I want to make it up to Our Lady by a few extra Rosaries. Good night, child."

"Not on your tintype!"

The vulgar phrase slipped from Sister Dolores before she could catch herself,

ut Sister Placida only smiled at her. "I mean, I'll stay out here with you. ord knows, a few extra Rosaries won't o me any harm."

"As you will, dear Sister." And then, mazingly,

"You have been a great comfort to ne, as I wrote Reverend Mother from ndependence; and will again from anta Fe, with the help of God."

For a moment, the sweetness of the ld nun's tones and the soft kindliness n her words gave Sister Placida a creepy" feeling. The dear soul, she ounds so darling—and so—so Irish. Let hat be a lesson to you, Dolly Varden!

At the novitiate, meditation had been he hardest practice of all. But tonight, n between her succeeding Rosaries, Sis- er Dolores found her contemplation of he Mysteries soothing and comforting. *The Lord ruleth me; and I shall want nothing.* . . . It was much later that he realized that Sister Placida and she ad sat quietly praying not for minutes, ut for hours.

Then, in the dark, an odd, quicken- ng stir began in the camp, which had een silent and heavy with sleep. Men egan to kick up the smoldering fires vith booted feet. A small child, wak- ened too sharply, began to cry. There vere soft thuds on the prairie as men nd women jumped down from their vagons. And then, angry and impa- ient, came the raucous blare of the allying horn.

TOM Rafferty loomed up in the nuns' firelight.

"I'm afraid this is it, Sisters. A big and of Injuns is massed at the Rock. Brulé Sioux in war paint. And they're ad ones. Only one thing. General Custer and his horse soldiers have been vorking out of Fort Larned. If the couts I sent out can reach him and e's not too far to the west, maybe hings won't be too bad. We've got wo or three hours. They won't attack til dawn. 'Fraid of the enemy spirit of he night. Better fasten yourselves up ight in the wagon. Reckon we can use our prayers. Ain't much more we can count on, appears like. They way out- number us, way we are. Seems so."

"But can't we *do* something?" Sister Dolores fairly leaped to her feet, her rosary swinging. "Not just sit here waiting—waiting like bumps on a log for those terrible people to come at us."

Rafferty's smile was tired. "Outside of being ready, not much we can do. I'm telling everybody to make a lot of noise, so they'll think there's a lot more of us than there is. Kind of even thought I might get us all singing. Might be just as well to let them think we ain't too worried. Cowardly critters, most of them. But they wouldn't be hymns, ladies. There'd be them that'd recognize hymn tunes. We need prayers sure as shootin', but we can't let on to them. So the songs will have to be cheerful and loud—and well, maybe kind of rowdy. So it would be kind of better, ma'am," he spoke to Sister Placida, "if you both kind of holed up. Wouldn't want you to hear nothing you shouldn't. But, anyways, I think we're in for a hard time, sure as my name's Thomas Patrick Rafferty."

SISTER Dolores became vibrant with excitement. She beat her hands together in quick movements. "That's it! That's it! I was almost forgetting. Oh, Mr. Rafferty, is it morning yet? I mean, is it *this* morning, right now?"

"Sure is, ma'am. Not far till dawn."

"Then if it's morning, do you know what *day* it is? Oh, Thomas Patrick Rafferty, don't you know what day it is? It's Saint Patrick's Day! *Saint Patrick's Day in the Morning!*"

"Ma'am?"

"Saint Patrick's Day—and we'll celebrate! Oh, don't you see, if we have something to celebrate, something real and grand and glorious, why everyone will take heart. It will be so much better than a lot of silly old camp songs and no one having their heart in them. Oh, if I only had my brother here with his fiddle, we'd show you. . . ."

A heavy-set woman came out of the shadows. "What is it at all?" she cried to Rafferty worriedly, "What's the horn for at this ungodly hour? Is it the Injuns? Don't tell me."

"No, ma'am. Leastways not yet. It's just—why, it's—well now, what else *would* it be but good Saint Patrick's Day? Hurroo!!"

"Well now, think of that. But, to be sure, it is." She vanished in the dusk of the morning, but Rafferty could hear her strong, high voice calling out, "It's Saint Patrick's Day! Saint Patrick's Day! For heaven's sake, get a move on you. Do you want to miss all the fun?"

Sister Placida moved into the firelight, her arms laden. "Here. If you can really play the fiddle," she spoke to Sister Dolores, "now's your chance. But rosin the bow well. It's a long time since I've drawn it."

"Your *violin!* But I can only fiddle—just some of the old tunes and a few come-all-ye's. I'd ruin the violin entirely."

The old nun had taken on an odd, humorous majesty. "Fiddle-dee-dee! Better it than us. Play, child, play!"

"We'll give him a hero's welcome—an Irish hero's"

She winced as Sister Dolores began with a harsh rasp; but the young nun's fingers at once grew firm and assured. Sweet and loud over the camp went the rallying songs of Tirconnell—"On for old Erin, O'Donnell Abu!"

"To the big fire, Sister." Rafferty's tired calm left him and he tugged at her sleeve. "Och, that's the thing. That's *grand!* Play up! Play on!"

The hoarse voice of a teamster—and he Donegal—took up the tune at once. There were others joined in. "Pile up the fire! Make a bonfire!" Laughing voices took up the call and the flames blazed high.

The camp became a hubbub of laughter and gaiety. Up went Sister's arm and down came her bow; her fingers sped on the fiddle's fret. "Come Haste to the Wedding" and "The Top of Cork Road"; "The Rakes of Mallow" and "The White Cockade." And then, when the dancers flung themselves down, laughing and panting, "The Boys of Wexford," shouted out bravely by big Tom Rafferty and silent young Michael together; and "The *Séan Béan Bhocht*" and "The Wearing of the Green." Over her fiddle, in all the chorused uproar, Sister saw Mrs. Piney banging two pots together, and crying "Hurroo" as if she were Dublin-born.

"I'll spell you, Sister alanna. Your arm must be tired." The firelight gleamed on a golden frame set down beside her. Old Sister Placida thrust back the wide sleeves of her habit and made the harp strings resound. She turned to Sister Dolores, her old face crinkling in smiles, "My father always

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DORAN HURLEY did newspaper and radio work before entering the field of Catholic writing. Two of his novels have been selections of the Catholic Book of the Month Club.

The Ninth Hour

by David Vincent Sheehan

IF you knew you were about to die, at half past four say, on this very afternoon—how would you spend the rest of your day? Does the very thought of it chill your heart and send sudden terror crawling up and down your spine? It does mine.

Yet a condemned criminal, sitting out his last hours in the coldness of his cell, has to face it. Soldiers going in to battle, despite the loophole of hope that chance offers, have to face it. For all of us, from the moment of our birth, that was the *only* certainty in our lives—the certainty of death—and yet all of us quail at the thought of it.

There was an obscure monk in a vague country a long time ago who knew what he would do. The story may be fact or just a pious legend, but its reality isn't as important as the essential truth it contains.

It happened, so they say, at an isolated monastery in southern Europe. For an hour, at the close of its arduous day, its monks would sit together in the familiar austerity of their community room, learned priest and untutored lay brother side by side, conversing amongst themselves.

One evening, the Abbot, in an attempt perhaps to rescue the conversation from too frivolous channels, posed an unusual question.

"Supposing," the Abbot said, "that tomorrow afternoon each of us was told by Almighty God, in some miraculous manner, that He was going to require of us our soul at exactly half past four, say, of that very afternoon. What would we want to be doing when the Hand of God reached down at exactly half after four?"

After a moment, a venerable old priest, his hair a white halo about his brow, raised his head.

"I would immediately go to the altar of our chapel and kneel in gratitude before its holy table, that I might die where so long I have daily served Him."

A younger and more strenuous man glowed with zeal as he said:

"I would hasten to the marketplace of the village, and standing on the rooftops I would preach the word of God to all within hearing. For this I was born and for this I would die—to go forth and teach all things whatsoever God hath commanded."

Still another answered that he would immediately start repeating the holy name of Jesus, so that he would be in the very act of answering the call of his Master when his call should come. Another would pray for a torturous and painful end, that he might die in agony like his Saviour.

And so it went, a litany of the hopes and aspirations of these devout and humble men—of all but one. And such was his humility that he almost went unnoticed. Father Abbot noticed him sitting unobtrusively in a far corner with his old head bowed and his gnarled hands folded quietly in his lap. It was Brother Gardener, the least of the group, who spent his days on his knees in God's warm brown earth, and most of his nights on his knees in the cold, flagged chapel.

"Brother Gardener," chided the Abbot gently, "what of you?"

Brother Gardener shifted in embarrassment, hiding his hands in the folds of his rough, brown homespun.

"Why, I suppose I would finish weeding out the rose beds."

The Abbot was taken aback, and a note of scandal may have crept unwittingly into his voice.

"In the name of heaven, Brother—*why*?"

"Because," said Brother Gardener, "because that's what I'm supposed to be doing at half past four in the afternoon."

I can't help wondering what *I* would choose to do,—I, with all my weaknesses and all my conceits. With God's grace, perhaps I could go right on typing these words, because that's what I'm supposed to be doing at half past four on this very afternoon.

used to say: If it's going to be a wedding, let it be a wedding. I could fill the farthest corners of a great hall with this once. Now with the help of God, I'll fill the prairie with the like of sounds those rapparees out there never heard before, and never will again." The harp strings leaped at her bidding to "The Minstrel Boy" and "Let Erin Remember." The old nun bowed and dimpled at the huzzas.

Tom Rafferty stepped beside Sister Dolores. "Look to the east. The dawn is beginning to break and they're still only circling about, far out there. They're afraid, afraid to attack. A scout managed to get near enough to hear them say we had invoked the spirit of the night and it was talking to us. The harp, do you see?"

A shout came from the west and a man came running. "Tom, Tom, it's Custer! It's Custer! That's 'Garryowen', his marching song. It's Custer! *Custer!*"

SISTER Dolores started to run with the streaming people toward the wagon barricade, but Sister Placida caught her skirts.

"Let's greet the good man as he should be greeted. Start up that tune. I'll make shift to follow you. We'll give the general a hero's welcome—an Irish hero's!"

"Oh, Sister," said Sister Dolores as the train moved on under escort later in the morning, "I never even guessed that you were Irish."

"An O'Connell from Caherciveen, own kinswoman to the Great Dan. But I took most of my studies in France. It's understandable, my dear. I only hope I may make you understand why I've been so stiff and withdrawn all these weeks. Mercifully, the excitement last night seems to have driven it away completely. I haven't a twinge now; but the rheumatism pains have been frightful ever since we left Loretto. And you see, I'm to be superior at the academy in Santa Fe, where the dry heat and sun will do me good, the doctors say. I've been so afraid of snapping at you when the pain was bad. If I had, it would have spoiled everything at the Academy. You'd have had to let on that I was a cranky old woman; and I'm really not. I don't try to be."

"Oh, Sister, if you had only told me! But whether or no, I think you're just—just real holy—and real Irish. I do so!"

The old nun smiled and a bit impishly answered,

"As a Corkonian you might not know; but there are those who think that the Kingdom of Kerry is very close to the Kingdom of God."

Winter Night – A Family Portrait

by **DOROTHY DALTON CLARKE**

e snow comes down
e flour sifting through a sieve.
distributes itself
enly, gently, softly.

three stand at the window,
ses pressed to pane;
picture the morning;
ar the snow scrunch,
ar the shovels scrape,
ar plows rumbling,
ar rubber boots stamping,
the mailman blowing on his hands
keep them warm.

is just after four,
d already the lamps are lit.
emember back in June,
hen the light lasted 'til nine?"
meone is sure to say.

e delicious smells of supper
me from the kitchen;
ther rattles pots and pans
d sings to herself, softly.

shuffle outside,
at is Father;
s measured tread coming up the walk.
refuses to hurry,
re of the warmth within.

e meet him at the door,
bbing him of his coat,
or the paper in the pocket, you know),
d hurry to read the funnies
fore the summons to supper.

lively, animated kitchen,
ve of us talking at once about our day;
king Dad about the weather,
d what he had for lunch in Boston;
lling Mother what happened at school today.
lively, animated discussion
to who will do the dishes.
nally, a compromise, the girls pitching in,
cretly glad of a chance to harmonize the latest songs.

eeting adjourns to the living room,
room not suffocated by a purchased charm,
t reflecting a charm of its own,
its unstilted, informal ease.

fire lights up the hearth;
ther, already deep in a book
ways at his side, now in his hands,
other, engrossed in the paper,
eading the latest news.

walk over to the piano,
his is the best time for it,
l of us together after supper.

e melodies come unbidden from my fingers,
nd slowly the others drop their silence
o join in singing Foster tunes,
nd the songs of Victor Herbert.
Liebestraum" for Father;
or Mother, the songs of Ireland.

he little sister, never resisting the urge to dance,
he firelight shining on her golden hair,
rouettes; herself, a leaping flame.
Ve laugh at her perfect imitation of the stage, the screen.

Secretly admiring the innate rhythm,
The projection of herself into the music.

The boy, soon a man, but now every inch a boy,
Gives himself away
With a slight deepening of the youthful voice;
A trifle self-conscious, as adolescents are,
Yet loving the warmth and security of
A fire and a family.

The mother, proud, watchful eyes upon her brood,
Hardly looks old enough to be our mother;
Retaining the beauty of her youth,
With the added dignity of years,
Which never burden her unforced laughter
And lighthearted disposition.

The father, fond, paternal eyes on his family,
To his children:
A vast storehouse of information,
A gentle teacher,
A loving guide,
A law of gravity unto himself,
Keeping his loved ones secure and safe.

The guest at the door must be for me;
Mother and Father laugh and say
"It must be love, to come out on a night like this!"
They welcome him, take him into the family.

And now, fill the popcorn bowls,
Empty the ash trays,
Unfold the table and chairs,
The card game commences.
Brother and Sister go elsewhere
To listen to the radio;
Their own refreshments and chatter to amuse them,
And leave the living room to us and "whist."

Carefully, carefully, now, for
A trick here and a trump there
Means the difference 'tween
Winning and losing.

"A bold finesse; too bad it didn't work."
"Sending a boy on a man's errand!"
"They stole that trick."
"Stole it? It was our masterful playing that won!"
And the good-natured raillery goes on—*ad infinitum.*

"It must be time for tea,"
And Mother goes to prepare the lunch.
The three who are left have time for a game of pitch.
"High, low, jack and the game!"
And Father is left behind the post
(But of course, he wins in the end).

And now the tea, and the summary,
The post mortems on the card game,
The political scene, the sport scene,
Discussed in all their glory.

The guest departs; the snow is thick now,
We stick our hands out the door to feel it falling,
Wet and cold and new.

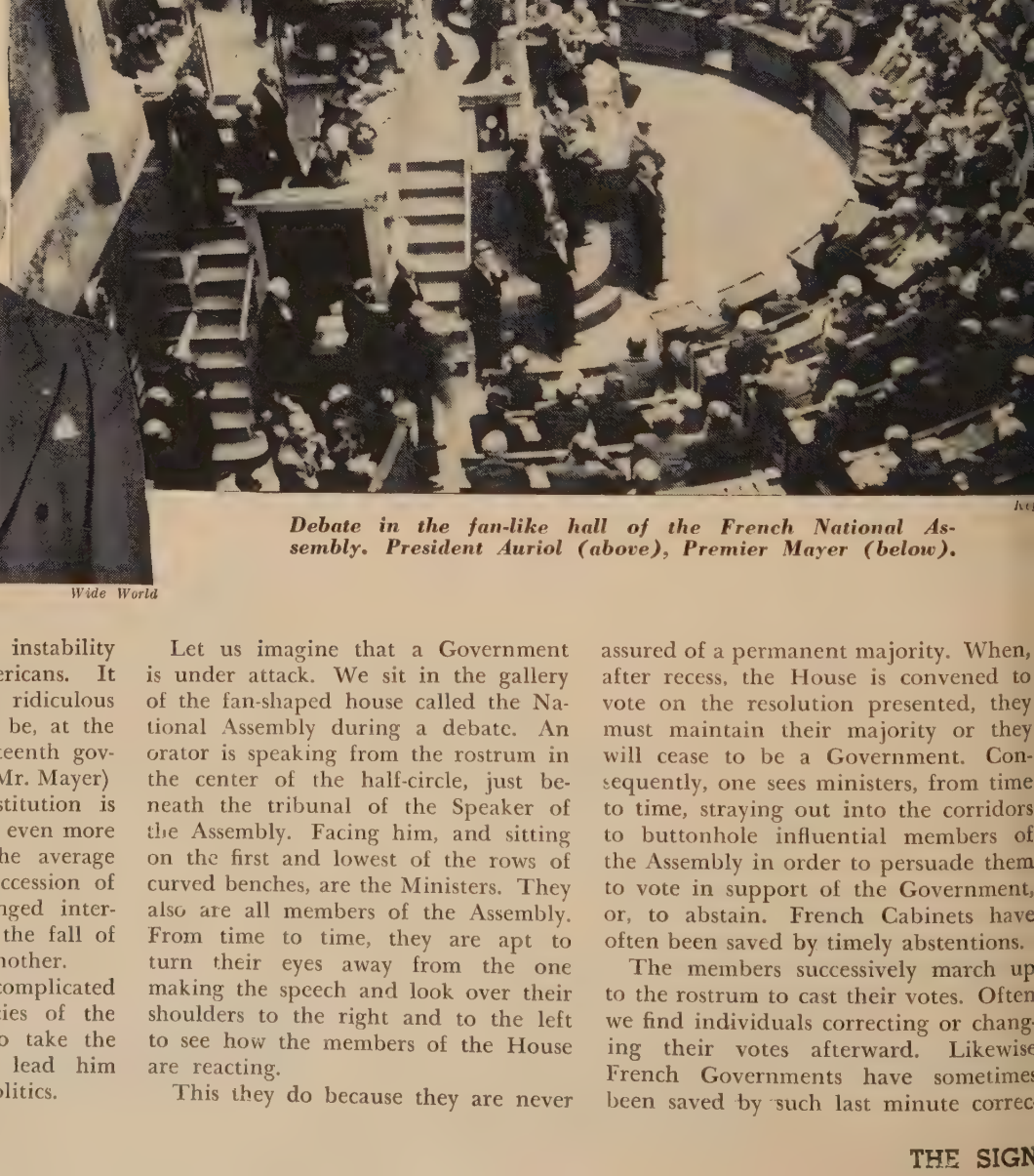
A few more words, the family goes to bed.

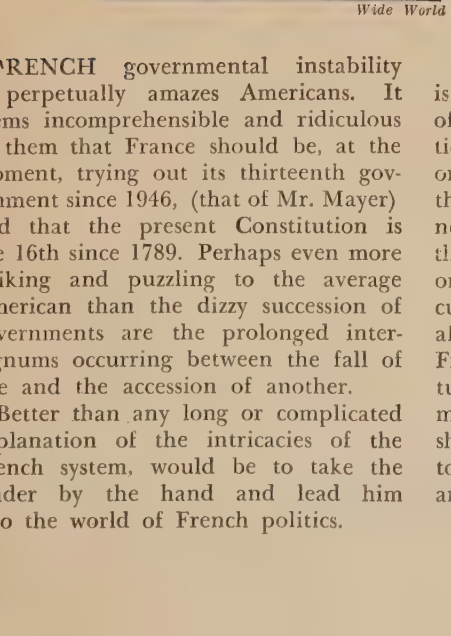
The house is quiet, listening,
It hears no sound,
Except the embers of the fire, sputtering now and then,
And the wind, whirling the snow.
The house, drowsy, drowsy,
Tucks itself in, and goes to sleep.

Vagaries of French Government

What is the fundamental weakness in French Government? The same problem has existed for 160 years

by ***BERTRAND de JOUVENAL***





Wide World

Debate in the fan-like hall of the French National Assembly. President Auriol (above), Premier Mayer (below).

FRENCH governmental instability perpetually amazes Americans. It seems incomprehensible and ridiculous to them that France should be, at the moment, trying out its thirteenth government since 1946, (that of Mr. Mayer) and that the present Constitution is the 16th since 1789. Perhaps even more striking and puzzling to the average American than the dizzy succession of governments are the prolonged interregnums occurring between the fall of one and the accession of another.

Better than any long or complicated explanation of the intricacies of the French system, would be to take the reader by the hand and lead him into the world of French politics.

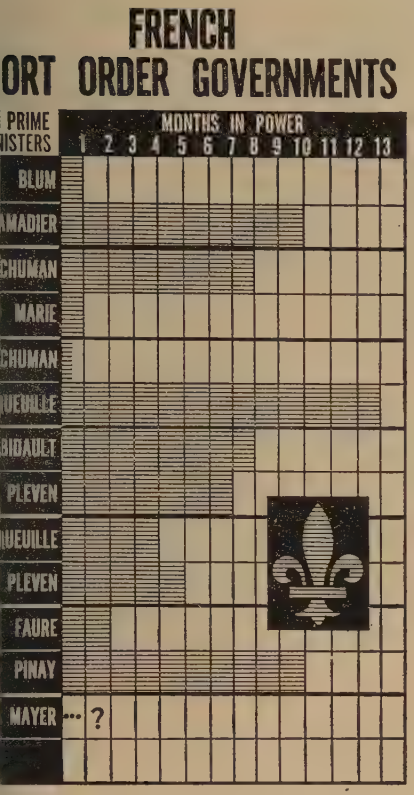
Let us imagine that a Government is under attack. We sit in the gallery of the fan-shaped house called the National Assembly during a debate. An orator is speaking from the rostrum in the center of the half-circle, just beneath the tribunal of the Speaker of the Assembly. Facing him, and sitting on the first and lowest of the rows of curved benches, are the Ministers. They also are all members of the Assembly. From time to time, they are apt to turn their eyes away from the one making the speech and look over their shoulders to the right and to the left to see how the members of the House are reacting.

This they do because they are never assured of a permanent majority. When, after recess, the House is convened to vote on the resolution presented, they must maintain their majority or they will cease to be a Government. Consequently, one sees ministers, from time to time, straying out into the corridors to buttonhole influential members of the Assembly in order to persuade them to vote in support of the Government, or, to abstain. French Cabinets have often been saved by timely abstentions.

The members successively march up to the rostrum to cast their votes. Often we find individuals correcting or changing their votes afterward. Likewise French Governments have sometimes been saved by such last minute correc

s or reversals. Now, let us assume the voting has gone against the ernment, and the Government has n. The Cabinet ministers leave the se and proceed in a body, led by the ident of the Council, to the palace he President of the Republic, to d in their resignations.

he President of the Republic must form a new Government. As a iminary step toward this end, he omarily reasons as follows: The out- g Cabinet lost its majority because ain groups or factions of its habitual



nce tries out her 13th government e 1946. How long has M. Mayer?

porters were dissatisfied. If these dis- ers can be appeased, then the former prity will be reconstituted.

is important to stress that the fall he Government generally occurs as result of a defeat or disagreement some special point, and, generally, s not involve the necessity of an r-all change in policy or in a com- e dismissal of a Cabinet. Of course, man requested by the President of Republic to form the new Govern- it may tell the President that the greement among the members of former majority is very sharp and , consequently, he will agree to n a new Government only if new nbers are included. This is called "shifting the majority," and is a more important event in French politics than a mere change in Cabinet.

In all this, the President of the Republic enjoys great leeway. He may call any member of the Assembly who seems to him capable of forming or winning parliamentary majority. Again, he may, and often does, limit the mission to a mere "exploration" whereby he says in effect to the man requested to form the new Government: "Go out and talk with the leaders and find out whether you can get enough support to assure you of success."

THE French President is exercising the fullness of his presidential powers. Elected for a seven-years' term by the Assembly, the President's essential task consists in adapting the Government to the wishes of the Assembly every time the Assembly expresses its dissatisfaction with the existing Cabinet (or Governmental) set-up. He is not only the head of the Administration but the creator of Cabinets acceptable to the majority of the Assembly. We now reach the stage where one of the explorers dispatched by the President returns and announces that he is confident of being well received by the majority of the Assembly. The President then appoints him and he is known thereafter as the President of the Council-Designate.

How is France governed during this process? It is governed by the fallen Cabinet which carries on exactly as before, every minister remaining in charge of his post until a successor is named and arrives to take over.

Nine times out of ten, the Premier Designate is one of the ministers of the fallen Cabinet. He now calls to his office various people with whom he must bargain to form his majority. Great art of the Premier Designate, at this moment, consists in finding a formula to solve the crisis or settle the controversial issue of the moment, a formula which must satisfy the dissenters. He now appears before the Assembly, alone, to seek a vote of confidence in himself—the Government being as yet unformed.

After this, the Premier Designate must name and appoint the various Cabinet officers. He is free to add new ministries or combine. In so doing he must exercise great tact and diplomacy.

When this difficult process has been completed, a vote of confidence is sought from the Assembly. If it is won, then France has a new Government. Under the French system the Cabinet might be called an executive committee of the National Assembly. It lives just as long as it keeps in step with the wishes of the factions making up the Assembly.

The President of France has as one of his functions the promotion of coalition. The President of the Council, or the Premier, is the one who actually forms the coalition and endeavors to keep it functioning and in power.

It should be emphasized that the fall of a Cabinet and its replacement by a new Cabinet do not constitute anything like the change of administration that can take place in the United States every four years if one party replaces another in power. In France it means only that the composition of the executive committee of the Assembly in charge of executive functions, has been altered.

This system is much nearer to the British than to the American. Indeed, the British system would work exactly like the French system if the British parliament were made up of a great number of unco-ordinated groups with no discipline in voting, rather than, as it is, of two great disciplined parties. It is perhaps worth noting that about one hundred years ago the British parliament seemed to be moving in that direction. However, the ever-growing power of party machines reversed the tendency.

THE ideas which prevail in the French Assembly and among the electorates about parliamentary behavior and procedure preclude parliamentary Government. In 1789, when the French tradition and system were created, there was no idea that parliament (or the Assembly) should govern. All the parliamentary practices of France presuppose an independent executive which was already in being at the time of the first French parliament: This was the King. The National Assembly of 1789 did not dream of doing away with the King.

The first written constitution of France, 1791, stated that the French Government was monarchical, and that the supreme executive power lay in the hands of the King; that he alone held the power of appointment and dismissal of ministers. Moreover, these ministers could not be chosen from the members of the Assembly. The Revolution, occurring on August 10th, 1792, swept away the monarchy, and it is a striking feature of French history that ever since, the problem of a strong and yet restrained executive has never been solved in France.

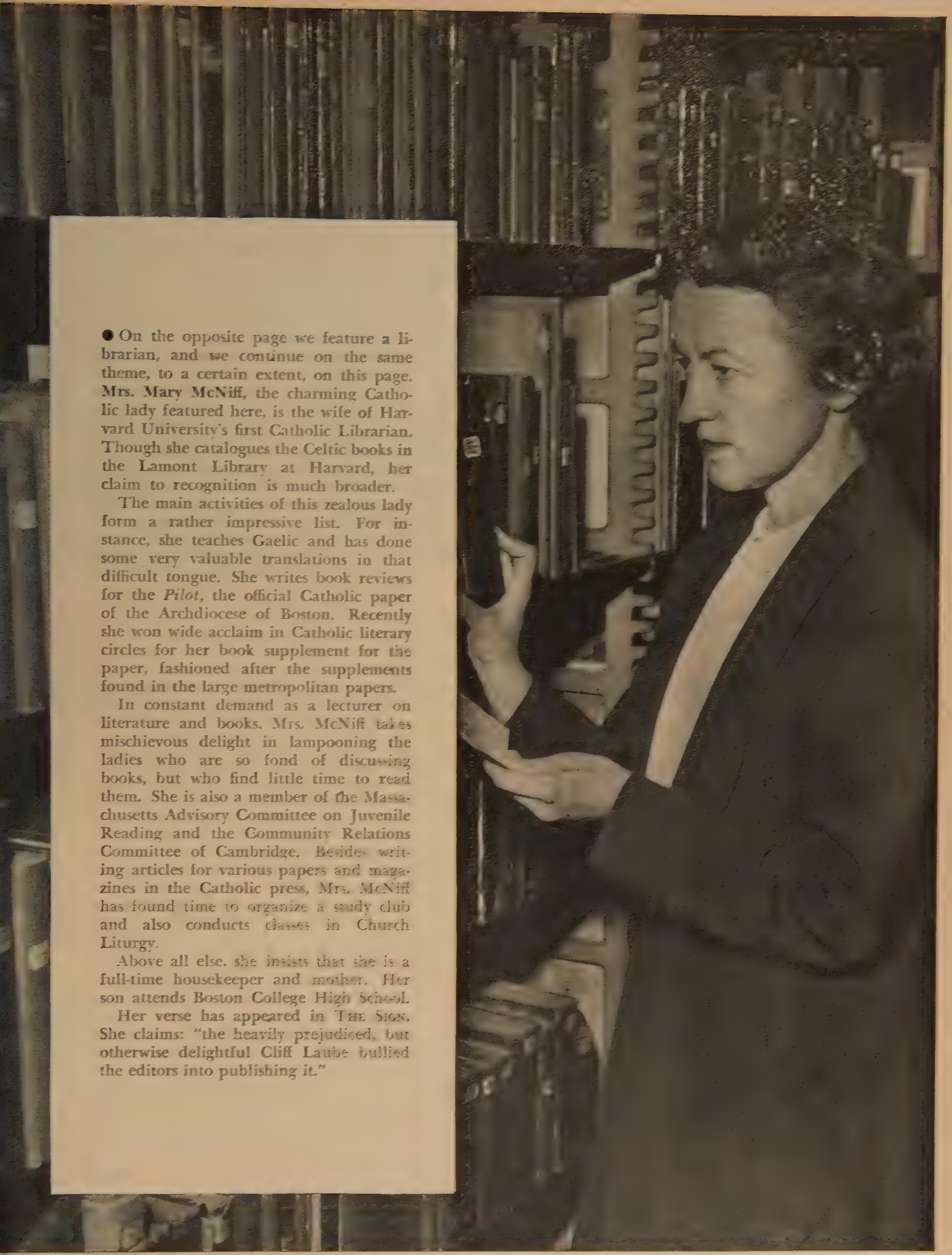
The average American reading about France and French political difficulties today is likely to think that French instability is a result of circumstances of the moment. This is not quite true, since the disease has been apparent for the past 160 years, and has played a decisive part in the decline of France from her former position of European and world importance.

People

At authors' luncheon, Katherine Burton of THE SIGN, a visiting Sister, and Mr. Trezza.

● We do well what we love to do, and **Alphonse Trezza** love working among books from the day when, fresh from high schoo he went as page to the Free Library of Philadelphia. Born i that city about thirty-two years ago—one of a family of seve whose parents had come from Italy—he joined the Air Force i 1942 and served in the South Pacific. After his discharge, h entered the University of Pennsylvania and later enrolled in th celebrated library course at Drexel Institute. This ceasele industry won its reward when he was invited to take over impo tant work at Villanova College Library in 1948, and the next yea to head the circulation department of the University of Pennsy vania. Here he has proved a dynamo of energy, winning popu larity among students and faculty of all creeds.

Obviously, he was the man to put new life into the droopin Catholic Library Association in Philadelphia, and having bee put in command, he set about increasing the interest and mem bership at meetings, editing the newsletter, and inauguratin annual authors' luncheons. Mr. Trezza sees rich opportunitie for Catholic librarians today in both religious and publ libraries. He urges his co-religionists to apply for books an magazines that they believe worthwhile and to encourage readin of the best.



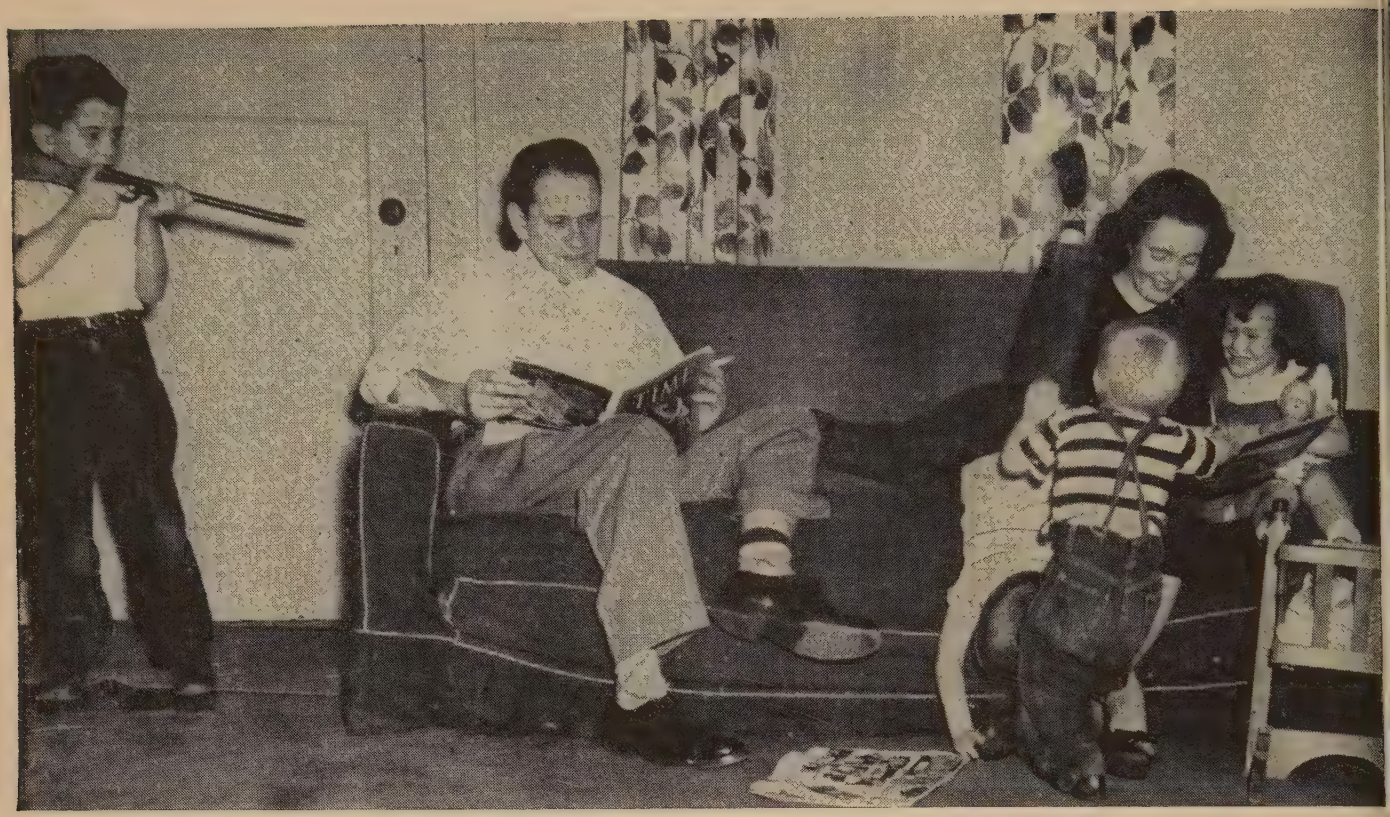
● On the opposite page we feature a librarian, and we continue on the same theme, to a certain extent, on this page. **Mrs. Mary McNiff**, the charming Catholic lady featured here, is the wife of Harvard University's first Catholic Librarian. Though she catalogues the Celtic books in the Lamont Library at Harvard, her claim to recognition is much broader.

The main activities of this zealous lady form a rather impressive list. For instance, she teaches Gaelic and has done some very valuable translations in that difficult tongue. She writes book reviews for the *Pilot*, the official Catholic paper of the Archdiocese of Boston. Recently she won wide acclaim in Catholic literary circles for her book supplement for the paper, fashioned after the supplements found in the large metropolitan papers.

In constant demand as a lecturer on literature and books, Mrs. McNiff takes mischievous delight in lampooning the ladies who are so fond of discussing books, but who find little time to read them. She is also a member of the Massachusetts Advisory Committee on Juvenile Reading and the Community Relations Committee of Cambridge. Besides writing articles for various papers and magazines in the Catholic press, Mrs. McNiff has found time to organize a study club and also conducts classes in Church Liturgy.

Above all else, she insists that she is a full-time housekeeper and mother. Her son attends Boston College High School.

Her verse has appeared in THE SIGN. She claims: "the heavily prejudiced, but otherwise delightful Cliff Laube bullied the editors into publishing it."



A family united. Ed Jr. (6); the author; Johnny (3½); Mike (2½); and Mom reading to Mary (4½)

. . . And Baby Makes Seven

Can there be a greater loneliness than that of the only child?
The Christian family is still the best selfishness-killer God ever devised

by ***ED MACK MILLER***

"JUST Molly and me . . . and baby makes three."

I could have hummed that ditty quite safely five years ago.

But not now. The latest baby at our place made a full house—three jacks and two queens.

It also stirred up plenty of fiery speeches around the hustings.

We got a wire from one close friend that said with pulverizing plainness: "Congratulations. *Stop!*"

Another friend sent a succinct little note hinting that we should name this one "Caboose."

And we even got a plaintive note from one of the little rascal's grandmothers saying that her doctor had advised her that she was having her grandchildren too close together.

Now, the one from Grandmom was sincere; she is a good Catholic, but she tends to tighten up in the clutch. She wants us to be wise, but she would be horrified if she thought we would construe her plea as meaning for us to do something wrong.

Not so our friends, however.

Every time we have a new baby, my male confreres grin as though they had just eaten the canary who knew "where the body was hid." And they amuse themselves by making half-joking, all-in-earnest remarks about how little I know of the mechanics of twentieth-century living.

With the arrival of our fifth baby, a couple of them even dropped their Good-Humor-Man masks. They eased me aside to warn me that I had become six kinds of a beast to that "sweet little ole girl" I married.

And that is where I lost my equanimity.

You see, the matter is not trivial. It is as big as sin, as mean as selfishness, and as wide as the difference between heaven and hell. Maybe not for the Planned Parenthood people, but for those of us who call ourselves Catholics. When Margaret Sanger's disciples get to the top of the Big Ivory Stairs, it is just possible that they may be able to plead "invincible ignorance," but for me it won't be so easy. I know the rules, they make very good sense, and I know that no amount of rationalization will still that wee, small voice. I know that if I were to follow any other course than the one I know to be right, eventually I'd go to perdition and hiss, hiss I'd fry. It is that simple.

No, for our marriage, there is no problem along that line. The only problem we have is with people who want to mind our own, sacred business.

It is a sad fact that the "And-Baby-Makes-Three" mentality has, at least for the time being, inherited the earth. If you don't believe it, look at the forces which work against large families.

Food and milk prices are still soaring like angels fleeing from the sight o

At the turn of the century a doctor
d deliver a baby for $10.00—now
figure runs closer to $125.00. And
cannot buy a low-priced, new house
will comfortably accommodate a
ly that numbers more than four.
you do find a house to rent or buy,
neighbors take one look at the size
our family and go around with tall
and their chins making third
s in front of them because they
e the value of their property has
depreciated.
ur semipagan society expects that
will keep up with the Joneses
l it comes to having children—and
you are supposed to keep down
hem.
he problem, however, seems to be
ly our fault. We believe, and we
but we are afraid to think and
e, which is not too intelligent, for
olic philosophy and theology need
fear contrast with rival thought on
control, which practice Chesterton
e dismissed as involving neither
nor control.
ut still we skulk. I know the feel-
We take the children to a restau-
. People stare, and I can imagine
t they are thinking. "Five children
the oldest one barely six!" And I
l to cower where I should throw
my shoulders, toss out my chin,
show the pride in my youngsters
I really feel.

HE logic of family blueprinters is
as so much wind in the willows. Had
listened to the blueprint people,
would have spaced at least two of
current five out of existence. And,
eve me, that would have left us a
ty colorless lot, because, No. 2, Mary,
No. 4, Mike,—the ones who would
e been scratched—are both redheads.
hout them we would have only a
nde and two brownheads—and our
would be considerably duller.
onsequently, it is about time that
started to blast some of the pet
hs the family limiters have set up:
to wit, that women lose their figures and their beauty and burn out quickly when they have a number of children close together; that having a baby a year is tantamount to Mama's signing a unilateral suicide pact; and that in large families each child is somehow cheated of his just inheritance of happiness, is robbed of the tender affection and material advantages that should be his.

Our four-year-old baby-sits like a professional

All of this is hokum.

If you want facts on figures, I just happen to know half a dozen beautiful girls, all of them mothers of at least four children, who could assemble a floor show that would make Florenz Ziegfeld kick the faded flowers off his grave. The women who pass up having children are as often as not the ones who get fat and flabby. Leisure, bonbons, and frozen daiquiris add up to one thing: adipose tissue. Conversely, no one ever devised a manual of setting up exercises that could compare with picking up after children.

AS for the canard that a child in a big family is often left unloved and is the worse for being one of a number, nothing could be farther from the truth. Who is lonelier than an only child? And what little girl can have a better doll than a baby sister? The child of a large family is loved on all sides; the single child of selfish parents is only half a child, denied the complement of blood fraternity and given as a poor substitute only the gaudy kewpies, the "plaster slum," that money can provide. And dollar signs are no substitute for brothers and sisters.

As for the fear angle, no one has yet proved that more women die in childbirth than die from disease brought on by the use of contraceptives or that more women go crazy because of a house full of kids than end up mental cases because they have thwarted their God-given mission. It is shockingly true that more women die each year from criminal abortion than from labor or the consequences thereof. And, although the birth preventers would like you to believe it, it is not true that the people who buy abortions are those who failed to read Planned Parenthood literature. By and large, just the opposite is true. It is the person who is caught short by the failure of a device who casts around for another way out. To their way of thinking it is only natural. If the child was not desired in the first place, it certainly will not be greeted cheerfully when it appears on the scene pinched, red, and angry; a lonely, naked stranger, unintended, unwanted, and unwelcomed.

Not all of this is not by way of saying that obeying the will of God by having children is easy. It is not. It is a purgative experience, the best little selfishness-killer ever devised.

Even if the kids were angels *simpliciter,* rearing them would not be easy.

Kids may be trouble, but they are God's kind, easy to take

And the good Lord knows they are not perfect. The fact is that they are such divine mixtures of nectar and vinegar, angelpuss and "debbil," saint and sass, perverseness and piety, that any resemblance between them and the model children posed in Planned Parenthood advertising could only exist in the imagination of their ever-loving mother.

Life with the little tartars is a hell-for-leather experience.

For Mama there are times when purgatory would seem like Nirvana—when the jetsam from every drawer, bookcase, and toybox is swirling in a mad Gulf Stream from the kitchen sink to the front porch; when the baby is wet, the dishes stacked, the toast burning, the phone ringing—and the pastor is at the door for a friendly chat.

FOR the father of a big family there are times when not even a friendly postcard breaks the snow of bills in the mail, when the roof is leaking, the cracks in the foundation are widening, the hot water heater is rusting out, the car is stranded at the corner of Fourth and Main with a broken block, and the neighbors come in a group to ask if he will co-operate in putting in a new curb-sidewalk combination at the rate of two dollars per every running foot.

Sure, kids are trouble, trouble with chocolate sauce smeared about its mouth, trouble with blackjack gum stuck in its hair, trouble plastered with band-aids and wanting its heart caressed, but they are God's kind of trouble—not the devil's; they are the kind of trouble that burns you pure and lifts you up.

In your house there always seems to be a shortage of money, shoes, milk, and quiet, but there is never a shortage of love. And you know from experience that things are not so tough but that they could be worse, that the bills always get paid somehow, and that when Thanksgiving and Christmas come around you would not trade your big table full of lusty kids for a seat on

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ED MACK MILLER has published articles in *Extension, Catholic Digest,* and other magazines. His cartoons, articles, etc., also appear regularly in editions of the *Register.*

PATRON OF THE DYING

by MARGARET DEVEREAUX CONWAY

At the last hour when the dark descends
To blot time's noonday with its deathly fall,
Joseph, heed our tears; come then
And be our strongest hope of all.

Dear master of the household of the Faith,
When dark comes down, you range the night
Most fatherly securing everything
In quietude and peace until the light.

From that great dark secure us then;
Let all our weary consciousness subside,
And hold us, children, on your arms at rest,
And comforted, as once the Christ did ride.

Who when your hour came grew strong as God
To hand you peacefully into God's arms;
Thus setting hope as seal on all our fears,
And ending evermore our old alarms.

GREEN LEGIONS

by DESMOND LONERGAN

Did you know that up in Heaven
All the Saints speak with the brogue,
So many Irish got there from below;
To hear him speak, you couldn't tell
Saint Peter from the rogue
Who threw his hat in Heaven long ago.

They say Lucifer is happy
Knowing just what he escaped,
For the Irish weren't created when he fell,
And the legions of Saint Michael
Have increased with warriors caped
In the green of the brigades that laugh at hell.

the stock exchange or a corner on the uranium market.

You know that for all the work and all the tears, there are ten times that number of unalloyed joys: When the first-grade nun says of your oldest: "He's the finest boy I ever had," when the three-year-old kneels proud and straight and says a perfect "Haily Mary," when the five-year-old boy comes to you—who are lying delinquent abed when you should be up—and says, "Mikey was wet, and I changed his diaper so you could sleep."

The tough times only serve to make you appreciate the rewarding hours more. If children were as onerous a burden as the planning people say (and they aren't) it would still be worth it when they come running out after a bath, all clean and fresh-smelling in clean pajamas and jump up in your lap and about break your neck with a big hug, telling you they love you.

Sometimes you just can't stop thanking God for them: When the baby giggles and laughs for the first time, when she first discovers her hands, when she learns to play peek with you; when the two-year-old toddler, truly a character, comes walking in, a little Bing Crosby in his almost ridiculously small blue jeans, a football helmet on his head and an FDR cigarette holder stuck nonchalantly in his mouth. It is truly marvelous when you see the instances of their kindness to each other, when you see the four-year-old sitting in a little chair, rocking the baby on her lap—or when you are angry at the three-year-old and you are stopped your anger by the five-year-old stand manfully between his little brother your rage.

But the best is when you stop their beds when they are asleep. you stand there, grabbing Mama's h tight all at once for the wonder of t beautiful, innocent babies, their l derrieres happily raised in the air, t midget starfish hands relaxed and ing for tomorrow's temptations, and would not trade places with anyb And you look at Mama, and some she is still as young as she was the you married her, and she is still y girl, and you look in her eyes and see pure happiness shining from e rod and cone. And you know you not wrong.

Believe me, I wouldn't trade my g wife and batch of youngsters for thing. From all of them I get trou and from the redheads double.

But 1,000 years from now, w every Cadillac has rusted back to d and every brick, bauble, and book become just a nostalgia of the d my kids will just be getting the fee the wheel of eternity. That's w counts: These are *immortal* souls are nurturing.

That is why I like the wisdom the Catholic Church better than sophistries of the people who wo take Henry Wallace's AAA program step further and plow under e second child.

ACTUALLY I hold no grudge aga these people, although often the hurt my feelings and offend my se bilities.

But I do think they are doing gr ous harm, stampeding the Ameri people into a stupid fear of their unborn children.

Of course, it is a free country the "occasional motherhood" clan believe as they please. But we must member that the reverse is also true

You know, there is a lake up at W ster, Mass., that is named "Chaugo ogmanchaugagaugchabunagungamau or "Chaubungagungamaug" for sh

It is an Indian name, and loo translated it means: "You stick to y side of the lake, I'll stick to my s and we'll both stay away from the m dle."

Now, one of these days one of th blueprint people is going to push me far, and then I'm going to really b up.

I'm going to grab him by the lap look him straight in the eye, snarl: "Chaugogagogmanchaugagaug bunagungamaug."

And I guess that will take care him.

CANADA . . .
big Middle Power

National Film Board Photo

Gov. Gen. Vincent Massey with Prime Minister St. Laurent

The twentieth century belongs to Canada" is no idle tch-phrase. Politically, economically, and ternationally, our good neighbor has come into her own

by ANTHONY J. WRIGHT

THERE are today only three great powers—the United States, the S.S.R., and bringing up the rear, reat Britain. But west of the Iron rtain there are "middle" powers with-t whom the Western World might ll be in sore straits. France, relegated a "middle" power is more eagerly urted now than when she could field e finest army in Europe and when llic generalship served as a model the military mind. President Eisen-wer's first overseas greeting after win-g the U.S. election was to France, NATO home. West Germany, al-ough a rump of a country, is a mid-e power whose future is as much the ncern of the Kremlin as it is of Lon-n, Washington, or Ottawa.

The mere mention of Ottawa in the same breath as Washington or London is a measure of the rise of a tiny northern nation of which Sir Wilfrid Laurier, a great Canadian Prime Minister, said "The Twentieth Century Is Canada's." It's a phrase which has been used by more after-dinner speakers north of the 49th parallel than any other they indulge in. Perhaps Laurier was thinking of the second half of this century. When he made his claim for Canada, she was a string of communities containing altogether 6,000,000 persons, extended along the north of the U.S., many of them with their hearts in the United Kingdom. Fifty years ago Canada was a land of promise—today it's a land of fulfillment with only one poverty—shortage of population. She is the BIG middle power.

As such, Canada's voice is listened to and welcomed far more than one would expect of a nation of 14,000,000 persons. The North Atlantic Treaty Organization is generally thought of, at least in Canada, as the brain-child of Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent. Whether that be so or not, it is certain that NATO would not be the force for good and the source of Western strength it is without generous support from Canada.

THE recent Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Economic Conference could not have been the forerunner of a serious dollar-sterling get-together without the presence of Canada, the only Commonwealth nation with dollars and a finance minister who has more money than he finds it easy to admit in Parliament at Ottawa. Canada's voice is heeded at the United Nations, even by Andrei Vishinski, because it is realized that she has no axe to grind—except that of seeking sure peace by Christian methods. Being friendly and hopeful in a cynical world does not mean that Canada is soft in her attitude to the Cold War. She's not soft toward the harbingers of phony peace under the Picasso dove. The public face and inner thoughts of Canada, just now, are such that Douglas MacArthur, Aneurin Bevan, or Sen. Joseph McCarthy would all be regarded as dangerous men with solutions too radical for the perilous balance in which world affairs are now suspended.

However, before trying to measure Canada's importance in the councils of nations or depicting her as a small, peaceful nation always on the side of the angels, it would be as well to examine the sources of her material strength. They are sources unlikely to run dry for many years to come. Canada's prosperity is exceeded by her promise—she's a young business which, unless major blight or catastrophe cripples her economy, will report greater success every year-end.

There are 85 chances out of 100 that the paper this article is printed on has come from the immense forests of Canada. The *New York Times*, for example, instead of having some 300 pages

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every Sunday, might well have only a score if Canadian newsprint were not available at the big *Times* plant at Kapuskasing in Northern Ontario. Even Colonel Robert McCormick, who stirs up flurries of criticism one way or another when he flits through Canada on a world tour by air and is not remarkable for warmness toward the Commonwealth, depends largely on Canadian newsprint for his *Chicago Tribune* and has pulp and paper interests in Canada. Even taking into account the forests of the U.S.S.R. and Scandinavia, Canadian newsprint provides three out of every five newspaper pages in the world, according to the statisticians. It is typical of Canada that even in this account, where a special effort is being made to avoid the use of statistics, it is necessary to record that the forests of Canada which provide continuous supplies of profitable timber cover an area equal to that of the whole of India, to two South Africas or to seven New Zealands. In 1951 pulp and paper mills churned out a product worth $1,250,000,000 and exports were three times what they were in 1939.

The importance of Canada as a giant reserve of raw materials and as an impressive industrial and trading unit in her own right lies mostly in her wealth of goods and services capable of making up for any future deficiencies in the U. S. Her wheat and oil are of less moment to her neighbor than her zinc, copper, asbestos, nickel, and uranium. Above all, the once-plentiful iron ore mined in the Mesabi range of Minnesota is on the wane. Venezuela has supplied some iron ore for the blast furnaces of Pennsylvania and Ohio, but a distant source is a poor substitute especially in time of war. Canada shows promise now of being able to feed the furnaces for decades to come. The giant deposits of high grade ore at Ungava in Northern Quebec/Labrador containing 400,000,000 tons of proved ore are not only great enough to change the whole economic line-up of the North American continent, they are starting production of 10,000,000 tons annually in 1954. A wilderness railway 300 miles long is now being completed to Ungava from the St. Lawrence port of Seven Islands. This spring and summer, as in the past two years, thousands of technicians and laborers, some from as far afield as Texas, will be hustling to get deposits into production.

The idea for Ungava was Canadian, that of Jules R. Timmins, boss of Hollinger Gold Mines, but much of the money needed to exploit the Labrador wealth came from the United States. The M. A. Hanna Co., whose president is George M. Humphrey, new U. S. Secretary of the Treasury, is a leader in the group which has invested more than $225,000,000 in the venture. The ore can best reach the Midwest through the St. Lawrence river. Hence the Seaway, which Canada intends now to build alone, has become more of an urgent defense need than it was first thought to be.

Only recently the U. S. began to import certain vital minerals. This may have been the writing on the wall. The great productivity of U. S. industry and the growing cry for more and more consumer goods together with more armaments must in time throw a strain supplies of raw materials. Although days when she was merely a hewer wood and drawer of water for others long past, Canada will be happy to s ply many of the minerals needed in jet and atomic age.

In her Northwest Territories and Saskatchewan she possesses the only pendable and known supply in No America of the raw material of ato fission: uranium. Although the U may have some interest in Belgi Congo deposits on which Britain first call, there is in Canada enou uranium to make her independent ocean shipments.

When the present construction dams and smelters is completed a cost of half a billion dollars at Kiti British Columbia, Canada will have largest production of aluminum in world. She has most of the wor nickel, most of its asbestos, large posits of titanium, and abundance zinc, copper, magnesium, gold, and ver. These are as important to the U and to Western civilization generall her timber and pulpwood. She p duces enough wheat every year to f 100,000,000 people and this year's m moth crop would provide enough br to feed greater New York until 1960.

Her lusty economy, the strength her dollar, temporarily lording it on currency exchanges over the U. S. gr back, and the growth of her own in tries during the last war, far from bomb-line, are evidence that Cana material assets will make her more portant as her population increases. it is her political situation wh

National Film Board Photo

The almost entirely unexploited natural resources of Canada make her the atomic age's mineral depository

National F

Canada's independent government since 1867 gives h strength and peace at home and real prestige abro

akes her position as a middle power ore significant than that of any other ation in the Western alliance.

It is necessary to insist that Canada is ot a colony; she is in no sense subrvient to Britain or any other power. n fact, she has been independent of ritain since 1867. Some of the forms f tutelage did persist and much inestment and know-how came to Canda from Britain. Now, however, uner the impetus of the war and largely hrough the genius of organizers like Trade and Commerce Minister C. D. Howe, an American by birth, Canada's wn industries have sprouted up. She an detach herself from technical advice from Britain or anywhere else, if he wishes, and can furnish a large share of her own investment capital.

The trappings of tutelage which renained until recent times have been swept away by the present Liberal Govrnment. Canada no longer refers to nerself as a "Dominion." Her only conection with Britain is that she has a Queen who happens to live in London nd be the Queen of England. Her only ie with Britain, and it does not imply ny external control, is their common ie to the Commonwealth. If Canada eft that vague and yet real association of mutually interested peoples, there would be loud protests in Canada and eloquent regrets in Britain, but nothing could be done to hinder her exit.

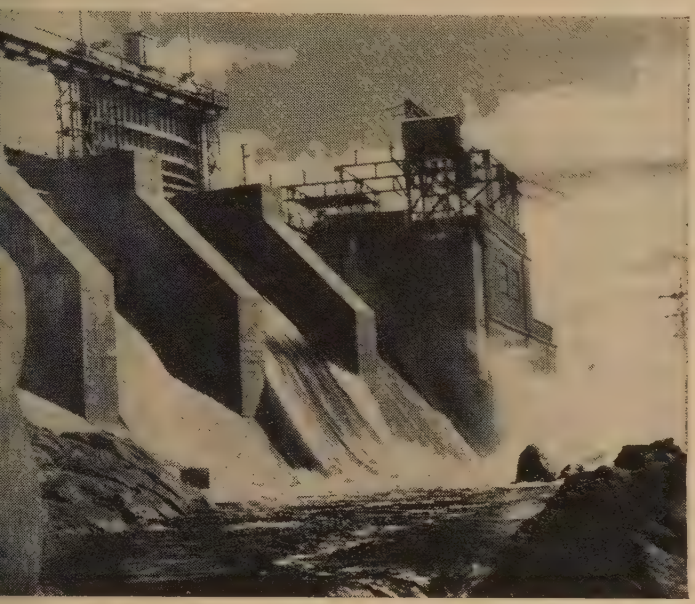
The Governor General of Canada—to nany he must seem like a British emisary sent to pull wires behind scenes to make sure that Ottawa plows the Commonwealth furrow—has no power at all over Canadians. He merely represents their Queen. The Right Honorable Vincent Massey, a cultured and undramatic person, is the present holder of the office and the first Canadian in the long line of governors general. True, he cannot shine in a field marshal's uniform and boast the practical achievements of his predecessor, Earl Alexander of Tunis, but he provides the personal link with the Crown which the Canadian constitution needs.

Paradoxically for those who do not understand the Commonwealth. Canadians have been more loyal to it since their country became a middle power than they professed to be twenty years ago. That is because they remain in it freely and with no coercion of any kind.

It is this living in two worlds which gives Canada her peculiar importance in the scheme of things. She understands the sterling area and its hopes and needs, because the other members of the Commonwealth, unlike herself, are all sterling nations. She understands the dollar area because she is a North American nation and proud of it. Thus she is well equipped to be a balance wheel in a transatlantic partnership between Britain, Western Europe, and the United States. Because much of her trade, especially in agricultural products, has been with Britain and sterling buyers, she has a vested interest in the economic recovery of the Old World. Because she is permanently linked with the United States, through trade, production methods, and, above all, by geography, she has an even stronger interest in working for the welfare of America.

As a middle power, detached enough from present scenes of strife to be able to advise impartially on them, Canada's word carries great weight. She is well liked, her people are popular. There is just a danger that they may get the notion that this happy state of affairs might always be so. The truth is that Canada has not yet been tried in the fire of international policy-making to the extent that Britain and the United States have. Unlike the other two, she does not have to evolve an official attitude to such trouble areas as the Middle East, Western Germany, Western Europe, or Red China in such a manner that that policy will inevitably affect the lives, and pocketbooks, of hundreds of millions of persons. She makes policies and stands by them, but she knows that if they turn sour one of the Great Powers will get the blame.

In statesmanship she is feeling her way and doing it with that mixture of compromise and brashness which might be expected of a nation with her heart on both sides of the Atlantic at the same time. She bridles when Washington takes her for granted just as she would if Britain forgot her place as an ally and member of the same family. As a middle power, Canada is one of the strongest forces in the world today for the stability it needs. Anti-imperialist by temperament, American by her habits, British by her constitution, and European by her blood, Canada is thought by many to be the most fortunate nation on earth. All she really needs is population and a history of her own. When time has filled those needs, she may well be a Great Power well schooled to assume more important tasks.



National Film Board Photo

Millions of sound Canadian dollars have been spent to open up water power for booming industries

National Film Bo

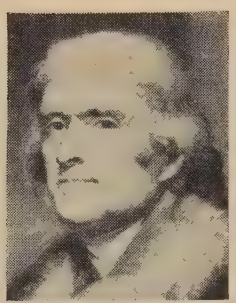
Canada has now detached herself from dependence on outside technicians and utilizes her own skilled labor

Our Frustrated Vice-Presidents

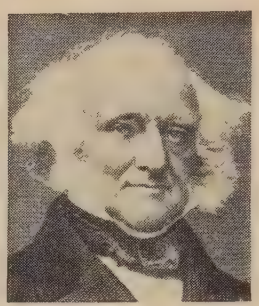
The officeholders themselves have given the best description of the Vice-President: "A figure of slight importance with a title of great impressiveness." Others dubbed him, "A fifth wheel," a "spare tire."

by ***JOHN C. O'BRIEN***

John Adams



Thomas Jefferson



Bettman Archive photos
M. Van Buren

Acme
John N. Garner

Harris & Ewing
Henry Wallace

WHEN the youthful Californian, Richard M. Nixon, took the oath of office as Vice-President of the United States on Inauguration Day, he assumed an office which is at once the most potentially powerful and the most frustrating in the government.

As a member of the House, Nixon had made headlines presiding over the Un-American Activities Committee. As a candidate for the vice-presidency, he had stolen the show during the campaign—for a few days, at least—with his dramatic televised defense of his integrity. But unless the heartbeat which sustains President Eisenhower fails, Nixon is destined to four years of relative obscurity. Unless he becomes president—the odds are long against him; only seven of the thirty-three presidents have died in office—he will be caught up in a round of minor chores such as appointing five midshipmen to the Naval Academy, naming four Senators to the Academy's Board of Visitors, recommending to the President two candidates for the Military Academy at West Point, and signing enrolled bills and resolutions before they go to the White House.

The only duty imposed upon the Vice-President by the Constitution is that of presiding over the Senate—of which he is not a member—and voting in the event of a tie. The Constitution does not even say that a vice-president, on the death of a president, shall assume the title of President. It merely says he "shall assume the duties of the office." But John Tyler, the first Vice-President to fill a vacancy caused by the death of a President, took the title as well as the powers, and his example has been followed ever since.

The framers of the Constitution had in mind two other circumstances under which a vice-president would assume command of the government. These are the "inability" of a president to perform his duties and the removal of a president by impeachment. But a vacancy never has occurred in either way. Because the framers failed to designate who should determine what constitutes "inability," no president has ever been declared incompetent to exercise his authority; although Garfield was physically incapacitated for two months after he was felled by an assassin's bullet in 1881, and Woodrow Wilson was an invalid for a much longer period during his second term. Impeachment proceedings were begun against only one president—Andrew Johnson—and he was acquitted. So, historically, only death has ever opened the door of the White House to the heir apparent.

The second office in the government is such a hollow shell that from the beginning of the Republic it has been the butt of jokesmiths. Not many years ago, a couple of playwrights cast a comic character with the comic name of "Throttlebottom" as Vice-President without incurring a protest from the citizenry. In fact, the citizenry gave the play one of Broadway's longest runs. That no one took umbrage over the presentation of a vice-president as a symbol of frustration should cause no wonderment; the playwrights, in fact, had been outdone in poking fun at the office by many Vice-Presidents themselves.

John Adams, the first Vice-President, described the position as "the most insignificant office that ever was invented." He wrote to Benjamin Rush, one of the signers, "I wish very heartily that a change of Vice-President could be made tomorrow. I have been too ill-used in the office to be fond of it; if I had not been introduced into it in a manner that made it a disgrace. I will never again serve in it upon such terms." But he did serve another term under Washington.

Thomas Jefferson, the second Vice-President, described the office as "honorable and easy." While presiding over the Senate, he found ample leisure to write his celebrated *Jefferson's Manual.* Theodore Roosevelt wrote to a friend in a foreign land, after he was elected Vice-President, "By the time you receive this you will have learned from the daily press that I have been forced to take the veil." Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall, who continually poked fun at his job, once described it in these words: "The Vice-President of the United

United Press

ice-President Richard M. Nixon

States is like a man in a cataleptic state; he cannot speak; he cannot move; he suffers no pain; and yet he is perfectly conscious of everything that is going on about him." Marshall also was fond of telling this story: "There were once two brothers. One ran away to sea, the other was elected Vice-President, and neither of them ever was heard of again." In his *Recollections,* Marshall recalls remarking to a policeman assigned to protect him during a visit to Denver, "Your labor is in vain. Nobody was ever crazy enough to shoot a vice-president." As a matter of record, nobody ever did shoot at a vice-president.

John Nance Garner, one of the most beloved of the vice-presidents, considered his office "the no-man's land somewhere between the executive and the legislative branch," and the vice-president as "a figure of slight importance with a title of great impressiveness—a spare tire on the automobile of government." After he retired he wrote to a friend, "A vice-president may move into the presidency and be a great president. A great man may become vice-president but he can't become a great vice-president."

On August 18, 1841, after Vice-President Tyler had succeeded to the presidency, Philip Hone, one of New York's famous mayors, wrote in his diary, "Mr. Tyler was a sort of adjunct to the Administration, a kind of fifth wheel to the political coach, which we now discover could have gone on much better without him."

John C. Calhoun, the seventh vice-president, tired of the boring monotony of the job and resigned to enter the Senate, where he saw a wider field for the exercise of his great talents.

Hone's low opinion of the vice-presidency seems to have been shared by some of the delegates to the convention which drafted the Constitution. One of them—some say it was Benjamin Franklin—suggested facetiously that the vice-president be given the title of "His Superfluous Excellency." The vice-presidency was among George Mason's objections to the Constitution, which he refused to sign. He wrote in 1788, "Hence also springs the unnecessary office of the vice-president, thereby dangerously blending the executive and legislative powers, besides always giving some one of the states unnecessary and unjust predominance over the others."

George Clinton, of New York, who later became a vice-president, argued that there was no valid reason for vice-presidents. Another one of the framers objected that the vice-presidency was merely "a consolation prize" for the person receiving the second highest vote in the election. It took the persuasive eloquence of Alexander Hamilton to convince the convention that the Constitution should make provision for a successor in the event of the demise of a president.

SUCH a precaution against a vacuum in the chief magistracy undoubtedly was desirable. Where the framers erred was in giving so little thought to the duties that were to go with the second office. According to the debates, the convention seems to have had no idea what to do with the vice-president after they had decided reluctantly to have one. It was only after a delegate insisted that he should have something to do besides "waiting to fill another man's shoes" that the convention hit upon the idea of making him presiding officer of the Senate.

As a result of this down-rating of the office, many able men have refused to run for it. Either Daniel Webster or Henry Clay, giants in their day, could have had the Whig vice-presidential nominations in 1840 and 1848. Benjamin Harrison refused to run with Ulysses S. Grant, remarking, "I am not ambitious to enter the White House following a hearse." Hiram Johnson could have been the running mate of Warren G. Harding, but he was not interested. When the Republican leaders got William E. Borah, of Idaho, out of his bed to ask him to run with Calvin Coolidge, he bluntly replied he would rather stay in the Senate and went back to bed. The late Senator Arthur Vandenberg, of Michigan, ran away from a chance to be the running mate of Wendell L. Willkie.

Two men actually refused the nomination after it had been made by party conventions. In 1924, Governor Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois, declined to accept his party's designation. And in 1844, Senator Silas Wright, of New York, learning that he had been nominated to run with James K. Polk, made use of Samuel F. B. Morse's newly invented telegraph to wire the convention that he would not run.

CONSIDERING the small scope allowed the vice-president for exercise of his talents, it is small wonder the abler men in a political party should prefer to serve in a position of power—such as member of the Senate, cabinet officer, ambassador, or governor of a state. Almost any senator exercises more influence over the affairs of the nation than a vice-president, although a vice-president may sit at a higher place at a state dinner. A secretary of state plays a role second only to that of the President, and the head of an executive department acts as the President's deputy in a wide field of activities.

Another reason why able men shy away from the vice-presidency is that it has proved to be a political graveyard for most of those who have served in it. Only three—John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and Martin Van Buren—were elected to the presidency while serving as vice-presidents. Of the seven who assumed the presidency on the death of a president, only three—Theodore Roosevelt, Calvin Coolidge, and Harry S. Truman—were elected to succeed themselves. The other four wanted to succeed themselves but were denied the nomination for president. Only six succeeded in becoming two-term vice-presidents.

It was not foreseen by the framers that able men would shun the vice-presidency. They intended that the vice-presidents should be chosen with as much care as the presidents. They provided that the person receiving the second highest vote in the electoral college should be the vice-president. And for the few years that that system worked, the men chosen for the second place were eminently of presidential caliber.

But by the time the fourth election was held, the electoral college had become the farce it is today. The party system had developed, and each party was putting a candidate for vice-president as well as a candidate for president before the country. Thereafter, the view of the framers that the vice-president should be chosen with strict regard for his qualifications for the office to which he might succeed was lost to view.

As the party system, with its nominating conventions, pushed the electoral college into the background, it became the practice to select vice-presidential candidates on the basis of political expediency. Sometimes the candidate was chosen to placate the faction supporting a disappointed candidate for the first prize. Occasionally, the nomination was given to a revered elder party leader, as was the case when the Democrats nominated John Nance Garner and Alben W. Barkley. More often, in later years, the vice-presidential nominee has been selected to "balance" the ticket geographically. It is now almost a convention axiom that the presidential and vice-presidential nominees must come from different sections of the country.

Under such a system of selection, few of the vice-presidential candidates have ranked in stature with the presidential candidates. Yet, oddly enough, two of the seven who succeeded to the presidency by reason of the death of the president—Andrew Johnson and Theodore Roosevelt—are rated by most historians as among the nation's distinguished Chief Executives. And future historians may give Harry S. Truman a place among them. None of the other four—John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, Chester A. Arthur, and Calvin Coolidge—brought dishonor to their high office.

As for the vice-presidents who were denied the honor of filling the highest office, few have escaped oblivion. Thomas R. Marshall, though dead, and Alben W. Barkley, who at the age of seventy-five is very much alive, are remembered for their wit. Charles G. Dawes attained momentary notoriety as a smoker of underslung pipes and a master of salty language. His claim to a place in history, however, rests not upon anything he did as vice-president but upon the Dawes Plan for the payment of Europe's first world war debts.

From time to time, efforts have been made to enhance the prestige of the vice-presidential office. One of the earliest proposals, made in 1803 during debate on the Twelfth Amendment, was to abolish it and place the presidential succession in an office which would attract able men. Similar attempts were made several times thereafter, but since they involved a Constitutional amendment they never got far. In 1868, Representative Thomas D. Jenckes, of Rhode Island, suggested the creation of a department of civil service with the vice-president as its head. Senator Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana, proposed that vice-presidents be given the power to appoint Senate committees.

Several of the presidents have invited their vice-presidents to sit in at Cabinet meetings so that they could inform themselves on Administration policies. John Adams attended one or two meetings, but for a long time the practice was not followed. It was considered such a radical suggestion when Tyler proposed that Vice-President Millard Fillmore attend Cabinet meetings that his advisers told him it could not be done. However, thereafter Presidents Polk, McKinley, Harding, Coolidge, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Truman sought to include their vice-presidents in the family councils, with varying success. Dawes refused to attend Coolidge's Cabinet meetings.

Vice-President Garner was a regular attendant at Roosevelt's Cabinet meetings, but it was not until Henry A. Wallace was elected in Roosevelt's third term that a real effort was made to give the Vice-President status as a sort of deputy President. Wallace not only attended Cabinet meetings and spoke his mind freely, but the President placed in his hands direction of the nation's economic warfare measures, as head of the Board of Economic Warfare. The experiment, however, was not successful. Wallace feuded with the heads of other agencies charged with the economic warfare program. During his term, he made so many enemies that the party leaders forced Roosevelt to drop him when the 1944 ticket was made up.

ONE of the most radical proposals for reforming the vice-presidency was made by Senator A. S. Mike Monroney, of Oklahoma, while he was a member of the House. He suggested that by Constitutional amendment certain fundamental administrative responsibilities should be transferred from the president to the vice-president and a second vice-president elected to preside over the Senate and substitute for the President on ceremonial occasions. Monroney argued that this would transform the vice-presidency into an important office that would attract men of presidential stature and at the same time relieve the burdens of an overworked president.

Although the plan received almost no support, it was pointed in the right direction. A less involved solution of the vice-presidential problem would be to abolish the vice-presidency and give the right of succession, in the event of the death of a president, to the secretary of state. Since the presidents in recent years have been largely preoccupied with foreign affairs, it seems only logical that the Cabinet officer charged with their direction would be best qualified to step into the president's shoes. A ceremonial vice-president with no right of succession could be elected to preside over the Senate.

However, the present system is so embedded in tradition that it is unlikely Congress will change it. Vice-presidents seemed destined to go on "reading the morning papers to ascertain the state of the President's health," as one of their number put it, calling the Senate to order day after day, and when their time is done, passing on to the land of the forgotten.

Insurance

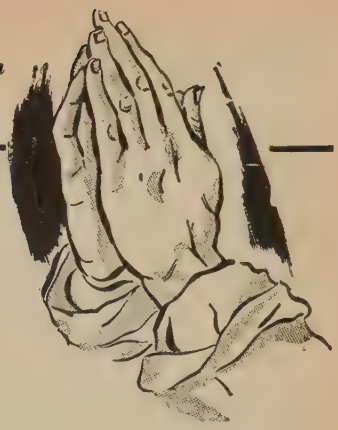
▶Wilhelm Pieck and Otto Grotewohl, the two East German Communist leaders, recently made a tour of inspection of government institutions in the Soviet Zone. They arrived at one of the big prisons for political offenders and had a long talk with the governor, who said that conditions were very unsatisfactory because money was so short. Pieck pulled out his checkbook and wrote out a check for 200,000 marks. He gave it to the governor and told him to use the money to improve the prisoners' lot.

Later in the day, the two Reds visited a kindergarten in the same town. The head of the school complained that shortage of funds was responsible for the poor conditions existing in the school. Again Pieck pulled out checkbook and pen and gave the principal a check—this time for 20 marks.

"How come," asked Grotewohl, "you give so much for the prison and so little for the school?"

"Well, Otto," Pieck replied, "I've got to think of my future. Or do you think I'll ever become a child again?"

—*Leonard J. Schweitzer*



Jesus Presented in the Temple

by **GERALD VANN, O.P.**

HE Church keeps two feasts concerned with this kind of ceremony the Temple at Jerusalem. In the first, s Mary who is taken as a young girl be dedicated to God's service; in the ond, it is her divine Child. In both es the purpose is the same—a dedican to the will of God, that will which o be the theme of Our Lord's whole , the background of all His thoughts l words. "My meat is to do the will Him who sent Me," He is to say; l when at the end he cries *Consumtum est,* it is that same divine will ich has been accomplished to the full. The will of God is expressed for us the law of God; and the longest of psalms, which the Church uses so en in its daily liturgy, is full of the ises of that law. The law is *cantae,* subject for song, says the psalmist: was good for me to be humbled, so to learn the law, a good greater than ld or silver." "How I love the law," cries again, "all day long I meditate " And again he tells us it makes him iser than my masters, than the old." is what gives him life, what gives him ace. "I have run the way of Thy comndments because Thou hast enlarged heart."

But is this how the law of God apars to us? Do we not find it rather a rdensome restraint, a shackling of our edom, so that our temptation all e time is to rebel from it? Does not Paul himself speak of the "bondage the law?" What is the clue to this aprent paradox? The answer is in one rd: love.

If you are bidden by some imperal authority to do some irksome task, ur instinct is to rebel; if someone you e very deeply asks the same thing of u, you do it with gladness. As long as e divine law remains something exnal to us, imposed on us from with-t, it must be a burden and a bond-e; but if you love God enough to ntify your will with His, it becomes once what it is for the psalmist, for the saints, for the Son of God—the highest freedom.

"If you love Me, keep My commandments," Our Lord said, meaning that the proof of love is not in empty words, but in deeds. But it is also true to say, "If you love Me you will in fact keep My commandments, because to do My will is precisely what love will impel you to do."

It is, of course, valuable to meditate on the law, like the psalmist: to see for instance, how the keeping of the Ten Commandments is creative of the personality and makes one's life something rich and worthy, while the consistent rejection of them leads in the end to disintegration. But we are weak. Like St. Paul, the things we will to do we fail in fact to do; so that to obey the law always we need a very strong motive. We need a very deep and fierce love of God, whose law it is.

LET us by all means see the negative aspects of the law, the prohibitions, for what they are—simply the reverse side of something extremely positive and creative, creative of life in its fulness. But at the same time let us try to see the law as an expression not only of life but of Love; so that if, through God's mercy, we can come to love that Love very deeply, we shall also inevitably come to love the expression of it. The law will for us too be *cantabile.*

You remember another incident of which the Temple was the scene: the driving out of the money-lenders. They had turned the house of God into a den of thieves. Our duty is to do exactly the opposite—to turn the world into a temple of God; not to use religious things for worldly or evil purposes, but to transform all earthly things and affairs into the praise of God. This we shall do only if we try to do two things: to see the earth as God's house, the place where His glory dwelleth, and so to live constantly in His presence; and secondly, to dedicate ourselves constantly in His presence; trying at each moment to do His will.

NO doubt we shall go on failing, go on being weak; but if we are really trying we ought not to be discouraged. Continuing weaknesses are not incompatible with a real underlying growth in love, and we ought to hope that in the end the love will triumph.

There is one other thought which should help us. "Now," Our Lord said, "I call you not servants but friends." The servant is not told the explanation of his master's will. but the friend is made a sharer in his friend's thoughts, designs, dreams—and his friendship will express itself through his sharing in the work and struggles of his friend.

So the Christian is told the plot of the divine love-story and is called to share in the divine work of redeeming the world. But to share in Christ's obedience to His Father's will, His love of the law, *is* to share in His redeeming work, *is* not only to give glory to God but also to bring peace on earth to men. For only when the earth is in fact turned into God's temple will true peace be possible.

This scene of the presenting of the Child before the Lord ends with the song of Simeon, the *Nunc dimittis*: "Ruler of all, now dost Thou let thy servant go in peace," which forms part of the Church's night prayers which are called Compline. For as the Temple scene ends with words of peace, so too the Christian day, lived in dedication to God's will, ends peacefully. God's mighty power is there to shield us from harm, peril, temptation; we are protected under the shadow of His wings. For to live in His will is indeed, even now, to rest in His peace.

REV. GERALD VANN, English Dominican, author of many books, is one of the greatest living writers on spiritual subjects. The present article is the fifth of a series on the mysteries of the Rosary.

A Busy Man's Birthday

March brings with it three very special reasons for remembering and praying for the Holy Father

The Holy Father receives diplomats in audience.

● On March 2, Pope Pius XII will observe h seventy-seventh birthday and the fourteenth an versary of his election. On March 12, he will ce brate the fourteenth anniversary of his coronati as Pope. Though in delicate health as a young ma the Holy Father, at seventy-seven, moves with a sw and lithe grace that belies his age.

To call Pope Pius XII a busy man, as we have the title, is really an understatement. From the tir he was a brilliant young priest teaching at the u versity, through the years as the Church's represen tive in Germany, and later as Cardinal Secretary State, he labored long days and nights for the welfa of the Church. In 1939, at the age of sixty-thr an age when others are thinking of retirement, t Holy Father assumed the terrifying responsibiliti of the Papacy.

These fourteen years as Vicar of Christ have plac a cross of indescribable dimensions upon his sho ders. He has witnessed a disastrous World W princes of the Church imprisoned, bishops a priests slain, and millions of the faithful persecut behind the Iron Curtain. His heart broken w grief, the Holy Father continues his long hours work, which include many exhausting audienc

May God grant him grace to continue and spa him to us for many years to come.

The Holy Father reads as he takes his usual solitary walk in the beautiful Vatican garden.

The much-photographed fountain in front of St. Peter's Basilica, the world's most famous church.

e Vicar General of Rome, Cardinal Micara, speaks
h members of the Sacred Congregation of Rites.

Pontifical gloves worn by the Pope.

he colorful Swiss Guards marching in formation on the way
Saint Peter's Basilica. They guard the Pope during ceremonies.

Visitors admire the paintings of the great Michelangelo in the famed Sistine Chapel.

A far cry from our streamliners is the little old steam engine of the Vatican's busy little railroad.

As thousands look on in the square, the Holy Father blesses the world from Vatican balcony.

The Pope is seated on the "Cathedra" during the solemn ceremony of the canonization of a saint.

Looking down from the cupola at the crowds in Saint Peter's during a canonization ceremony.

Saint Peter's Basilica at night. The Basilica is only illuminated in this fashion during very special festivals.

To the visitor, the beauties of the Vatican are a joy to behold. To the Holy Father it is the place of arduous tasks

Woman to Woman

by KATHERINE BURTON

Roses, Violets, and Public Speakers

CENTLY I received a delightful letter from one of my lers, saying she is afraid that she is the violet type, of om I spoke in a recent editorial as being today not so ch needed as the rose type. She said she wished she ld turn into a rose: "But I was brought up in an osphere that felt quietness was the best way," she wrote. owever, I have a great admiration for the right kind of quent women—and thank God the field is growing."

wrote to her that I was not suggesting such a horticul- l transformation for everyone. And I also pointed out every violet in this land has the vote, and you don't e to say much to use it. Just give your name and put vn your preference.

The ability to talk in public is not always a thing one is n with, anyway. Even in my college days, I was ex- nely shy when it came to saying anything in public. an still remember the agony with which, in a student mbly meeting, I waited until the time came for me to ke a motion which the president had asked me to give. epeated those thirty or forty words over and over to self. When the time came, no doubt I said them all it but I can still vividly recall my fearfulness.

Today I can talk for an hour with only a few comforting es. Strength comes with going.

But there are many ways besides talking in public that a help to the good causes in our world today and that erve commendation. You don't have to get up in public order to make people know you love and understand rature or art or freedom or peace. You can listen and ntually understand and then make your influence felt. en to show yourself in a group of women in aid of some se or debate or question is a help.

Group Action Gets Effects

R IT IS necessary to mix in groups with other women. oup action today is very important. If you cannot speak public, you can at least speak as part of a group. And s brings me to wonder why, since lay groups of women k as they please, our Church auxiliaries don't free them- ves from their muteness. Why don't meetings of Catholic men in Catholic churches take up discussions of pertinent estions of the day and make their influence felt? For tance, the Planned Parenthood crowd is just now fear- ly annoyed because certain Catholic charity organizations n't want them to be allowed to join general charity erations, in fact threaten to drop out if these others come If auxiliaries of our churches took this subject up, dis- sed it from a moral, social, and political viewpoint, and en expressed their opinions and made it clear to their vn or city that they are against the group and why—oh, dear women, you would be surprised at your own power! The trouble is that our clergy do most of the talking in blic on such topics. They talk to the point; they say what would say too. But the important thing is that women uld say it out loud too. As it is, the impression is given outsiders that the clergy's opinion is the only one that counts, and in the United States this often irritates and gives a wrong impression as to what they no doubt would call church power-politics.

To some extent, this habit of silence is our own fault, although it is also very true that some priests do not encourage the thinking qualities of their parishioners, at least not to the extent of putting these thoughts into words. In her new book—*Be Not Solicitous*—Maisie Ward had a comprehensive foreword in which she tells (but only incidentally, for the book is one of excellent accounts of family dependence on Providence) of the president of a society of Catholic women who, when asked the Catholic attitude on some important matter, said, "I would not have the impertinence to answer such a question. I referred it, of course, to our reverend Moderator."

It was no doubt the thing to do if she did not know the answer. But she should have known it. Perhaps the moderator would have been glad to have her know it and explain it. Perhaps not, for in some moderators the habit of assuming clerical infallibility, and not alone in spiritual matters, is so ingrained that it is sad to contemplate.

I have seen women figuratively slapped down by a priest if they lifted their voices in a meeting to make some simple and sensible suggestion. It is as if suggestion were criticism. And I have also seen meetings where the moderator listened to sensible suggestions and even acted on them.

Perhaps I am wrong, and general topics might better be handled outside church buildings and in groups not brought together by religious affiliation. But I like the idea of discussions in a church building. That one of Planned Parenthood, for instance, or the new and very odd idea of fining parents whose children do civic damage or the Red teaching element in our public schools or the poor quality of super-progressive teaching.

Don't Underestimate . . .

I COULD EVEN suggest texts for the last two topics. For the one, that it might be a good idea to sing the fifth stanza of *America* along with the one that has, after infinite difficulty, made the grade in our schools. Here it is:

> "Thy safeguard, Liberty,
> The schools shall ever be,
> Our nation's pride;
> No tyrant hand shall smite
> While with encircling might
> All here are taught the right,
> With truth allied."

As for poor teaching, here is a text for that: the *New York Times* recently gave some of the results of a history test given to hundreds of college freshmen. It seems incredible, but the answers showed that 30 per cent did not know who was president during the first World War, only 6 per cent could name the original thirteen colonies (some thought Texas was one!), and one third did not know who was president during the Civil War.

Again I say, "My dear women, you would be surprised what you could do if you tried—and together."

Red Petticoat

by ***BRYAN MacMAHON***

"Red Petticoat" Hogan, they called him. And 'twas all the fault of a deceitful colleen now sheltered behind convent walls

IN our town and beyond it, I am called Red Petticoat, and my long-tailed family is known as the Petticoat Hogans. Although this nickname was put on me when I was a boy fully forty years ago, I confess to you from my heart out that I still hate it like the devil hates holy water.

It is hardly necessary for me to tell you that a girl was the root of my misfortune—as indeed girls have been responsible for half the misfortunes of mankind from the time of Adam until this very day.

Next door to our house in the no-man's-land between thatched Friary Lane and grandiose Bank Place, there lived an obese pudding-filler named Larkin who would insist upon styling himself a sausage-maker. In the company of Sham, the pudding-filler's eldest son, I spent my youth drawing blood, hot and steaming, in galvanized buckets from the butcher-yards of the town. In Larkin's scrupulously clean kitchen at all hours of the day there was invariably a smell of appetizing dinner.

In addition to a brown-eyed, tantalizing daughter named Joanie, who is the villainess of this piece, the sausage-maker owned a normal nondescript wife and family. His chimney-corner, however, housed his remarkable old mother, who had brown, all-observing eyes. This old woman wore a flaming red petticoat such as is seen nowadays only in pictures of women dwelling in the outlandish islands to the west.

Old Ma Larkin occupied her time by continuing to grow small in secrecy and in silence—a silence broken only in moments of extreme domestic turmoil when she startled the household by shouting: "Up the Rebels!" in a cracked, other-world voice. Me she was never done examining, and I mortally feared that she had long since guessed at my secret resolution of marrying her granddaughter Joanie as soon as I had reached maturity.

The time I speak of was toward the end of the first World War. A gang of us children happened to be in the pudding-filler's aromatic kitchen one night, seated on stools around the big peat fire. The father was sitting at the head of the deal table, idling with a pack of cards. His wife was sewing under the electric light. The old lady of the red petticoat was upstairs, confined to bed with a touch of a cold.

The pudding-filler took up the hand of cards he had dealt out to determine the fortunes of the household: straight away he let a lonesome sigh out of his soft plubby face.

We all crowded round to gape at the spread cards.

"She was a good mother," Pete Larkin said mournfully.

"In God's name, read the cards!" his wife ordered.

"Easily read they are," the pudding-filler said. "Nine of spades adjacent to the dark queen."

"Dark queen!" echoed Joanie, in a tone that was in balance between astonishment and triumph.

Her brother Sham, who had slick black hair, cast a suspicious eye in her direction.

"Ay!" explained the father. "Black Death in the shape of the nine o

The brilliant garment swung like a red banner in the sunshine. ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES MAZOUJIAN

des is coming to bear my poor old her away." A tear was poised dan- ously on the edge of his lower eye-

t this, the darkest moment of fam- gloom, Joanie got a gay sparkle in eye. She winked at me to follow out into the dark passage near the o.

What is it?" I breathed.

Now's our chance!" she whispered n urgency. The gran'mother 'll be din' clothes no more."

What do you mean?" I asked wanly. Supposin' we sell her clothes as ," said Joanie, "can't the two of us e enough money to go to the pic- es on Saturday?" Those were the s when progress in the form of elec- ity and films was beginning to make ers of our traditional way of life.

I wouldn't like to leave the old nan cold," I said by way of poor test.

Never fear!" Joanie laughed; "Ma kin won't be cold in the place or e to which she's goin'!"

s I still continued to be conscien- s, Joanie added: "We won't go so as to take *all* her clothes. We'll maybe take only the heaviest article she wears."

"The red petticoat!" I breathed in astonishment. For the first time, I was measuring the full extent of our conspiracy.

"Ay!" Joanie said; "the red petticoat!"

I began to think of the rabbit-trappers on the hills and the scarlet landmark that was a timepiece and an item of glory in the drabness of the streets below.

Joanie puckered up her lovely face and looked at me. "I hope you're not afraid?" she asked incredulously.

"Me? Afraid?" I blustered.

Joanie then continued primly: "I'll creep into her bedroom tomorrow morning. When I get my chance I'll throw the petticoat out the window. You'll be below to catch it. We'll hide it in the cow-stall until the coast is clear. By soaking it centerways in water we'll mebbe gain a penny or tuppence in the weighin' of it."

(This wretch who is speaking is now a Reverend Mother in an up-the-country convent, and from what I hear of her she is never done reprimanding cropped lassies steeped in holiness for daring to raise their eyes from the ground when an ordinary Christian man is passing on his lawful road.)

"Right!" I gulped.

Suddenly Sham opened a door and flooded the passageway with light.

"What are ye two plottin'?" he asked.

"Nothin'!" I said.

Sham said: "If I catch ye, as sure as God made me, I'll tell!"

"Tell away!" Joanie taunted.

The following morning, Joanie stole into the bedroom where the old woman was enthroned on her feather tick. But Ma Larkin had not lived seventy-five years in this world without gaining in cunning therefrom.

"Leave me alone! You're up to no good! Watch your step, hussy!" Finally, to give point to her wrath, she yelled "Up the Rebels!" The old lady had grounds for her suspicions: it could be that she was recalling a time when Joanie and I had forged her name and drawn a full half-sovereign on presentation of her Old Age Pension book at the Post Office.

Ignoring the old woman's protests,

Joanie fussed about the room. "Are you all right, Gran'ma? What way are you feelin' today?"

I was below in the lane looking up past the electric light wires to where the old woman's bedroom window jutted from the roof of Larkin's house.

The old woman continued to mutter. "I'm not much the better of your inquiry. Here! Out with you! Out!"

As the grandmother turned grumpily toward the wall, Joanie seized her opportunity. The red petticoat came floating out the window. And then, even as I raised my hands to grasp it, the brilliant garment with infuriating perversity wrapped itself around the electric light wires and swung there flauntingly like a red banner in the sunshine.

I looked wildly around. Joanie burst out the back door. "Have you the petticoat?" she asked, her eyes afire.

"Look!" I said, turning my eyes upward.

When Joanie saw the petticoat swinging slowly in the sunshine, she cut the Sign of the Cross on herself.

The neighbors gathered round. They were looking up and laughing.

"Old Ma Larkin must be dotin'!" one said mockingly.

"Tck! Tck! Throwin' off her clothes with temper!" said a second.

"Nice carry-on for the mother of a respectable puddin'-filler!" said a third.

Then, in a sudden access of mimicry, all shouted together: "Up the Rebels!"

I could hear rumbling and grumbling coming from the room above.

Sham came out. "Ha-ha!" he said as apt as could be. "Ye're stealin' my gran'-mother's petticoat an' selling it for money. As sure as God made me, I'll split on the pair of you!" We hastened after him as he slid away.

"Hush, Sham!" we pleaded, "an' we'll give you tuppence!"

Sham paused. Then, as his face brightened, "Gi' me threepence," he said, "an' there'll be no more about it!"

WHEN your hand is in the dog's mouth it's right to draw easy. Joanie and I readily agreed.

A fisherman was passing the lane with his old-fashioned fishing rod all of one piece. After a struggle he unhooked the petticoat. The weight of the descending garment made a perfect loop of the rod-top. Grasping it greedily, I tried to quench its glory under my jacket.

By this time the old lady had begun to trumpet for her sausage-making son. Still laughing, the crowd of neighbors melted away.

Joanie and I, with Sham in close and suspicious attendance, went up to the pump and soused the middle of the red petticoat. I got eleven pence for it in Conachie's, the rag-dealer's. Fourpence for Joanie, fourpence for myself, and a begrudged threepence for Sham the Spy. Joanie and I then went to the matinee and sat eating between us a bar of milk chocolate which we gnawed in turns with the edge of the bar held vertically against our teeth. Subsequently, through the tremendous excitements of the serial, Joanie Larkin and I held mushy hands and were supremely happy.

The pictures over, we emerged into the bright, unreal afternoon.

After three days or so, the old lady got suddenly better—as a matter of history she died approximately twenty years afterward—and rapped imperiously on the floor with her blackthorn stick. "I'm gettin' up!" she shouted to her son.

"Ravelin' in your mind you are, mother bawn," the sausage-maker breathed as soon as he had reached the bedside.

"Tck! Tck! Get me my red petticoat!"

● **CONDESCENSION: The counterfeit coin that often passes for tolerance.**

"I won't allow you put one leg out of the bed!" The sausage-maker was remembering the hand of cards.

But by this time old Ma Larkin had her two gnarled feet firmly planted on the green congoleum. "Up the Rebels!" she shouted menacingly.

"The heart might cease to beat on you, Mother!"

"Up the Rebels!"

"I implore of you! . . ."

"Get my red petticoat!"

With a falter in his voice, the pudding-filler said: "Your petticoat—isn't it here?"

"Get . . . my . . . red . . . petticoat!"

"I could have sworn . . ."

Rapping and banging and barging and searching and shouting and snarling. The whole house was in an uproar as father, mother, and children searched, ransacked, and rummaged for an article of clothing that by this time was surely in Birmingham or Lancaster or some such cross-channel rag-center with its violent scarlet clawed into threads by the most competent of machinery.

Tiring of banging furiously on the floor with her drunken stick, the old lady craftily went on strike. She squatted on her hunkers on the draughty stairway pending the return of her beloved garment.

"As sure as God is in His high sky, if I don't get my petticoat," she sai "I'll stroll abroad in my shift and shan ye forever among the neighbors."

It was then that Sham split on Joan and myself. Needless to mentio Joanie, being female, put the major po tion of the blame on me.

BABE-innocent of my betrayal, strolled into the sausage-make kitchen that night. I was into it befo I realized my mistake. The moth was standing at the fire, whiteface and wheel-eyed. All the children gat ered about her skirts and gazed u in awe at me—the Great Cheat. Th future Abbess stood beside the dresse she was the brown-eyed picture of i nocence, God bless her, the very i carnation of Irish maidenhood, co vent-trained and convent-destined. Th sausage-maker was sitting at the tabl head. The instant I looked at him knew that I was doomed.

Without any preamble at all, he b gan sternly: "Joanie tells me that yo stole my mother's red petticoat!"

One of the younger girls began t wail for me. Swiftly I remembered ha ing given her a rabbit's scut with whic she could play games with her pushee

I glanced wildly around. I the noticed the old lady on the stairs pee ing out through the bannisters. To m it appeared as if she were doing ja after having taken my sacred life an having been condemned to swing ga lows-high on the head of it.

"Me?" I said blustering, at the sam time inching toward the kitchen doo

"Up the Rebels!" shouted the ol lady. This was a warning to the hous hold that I was about to take to m heels.

Pete Larkin stood up. "You!" he e claimed. "Don't you dare deny it a call my daughter a flamin' liar! Sh that's so well spoken of by Sister In maculata of the Mercy Convent!"

"You christened her truly," I sai valiantly. "That's just what she is— flamin' liar if ever there was one!"

Coldly the sausage-maker said: "Whe my daughter requires a character 'tisn you I'll ask to recommend her." Ther "Out with it! What did you do wit my mother's petticoat?"

I was at my wits' end for I knew th I was treading deep, angry water.

Silence hung about me as again began to speak. I was on the point splitting on the girl when suddenly recalled an old man paying a compl ment to the bravery of my breedin Because of the oldster's tribute I d cided to shelter Joanie Larkin.

"All right!" I said abruptly. "I sto the petticoat!"

"Ha!" said the sausage-maker.

"Ha!" said his wife.

Ha!" said the children all together.
at is, all except Joanie, who was
te of malice or by act of God, and
course the child whose loyalty I had
rchased with a rabbit's scut.
The jailed old lady on the stairs con-
ued to hold her altogether remark-
e silence.
Under God, why did you steal it?"
aded the sausage-maker.
It was almighty weighty," I said
h gravity.
So it was," he agreed hurriedly and
without ancestral pride. "But it
sn't for its heaviness alone that you
k it. What did you do with it then?"
I sold it!" I said darkly.
This reply again begat a certain
asure of pride. To the Larkins it
med natural to consider that several
mfuls of mature women would give
ir right thumbs to possess the R. P.
To whom did you sell it?"
paused. Then: "To Conachie's!" I
rted.
Conachie's!" they all roared together
if they had been possessed of a com-
n will and tongue.
The old lady was rocking on her
nkers. Straightaway she started to
il her complete desolation.
The sausage-maker was beating his
ad against the wall. At last he cov-
d his anguished face with his hands
d peered at me with one eye framed
the little fork between his small
d fourth finger.
How much did you get for it?" he
ed hoarsely.
Elevenpence," I said. Then, with a
ther spurt of misplaced valor: "But
nest to the Man above I'll pay it
ck—every God's penny of it!"

THOUGHT I saw the glint of a tear
in Joanie's eye.
Up the Rebels!" shouted the old
ly on the stairs.
The sausage-maker began slowly and
emnly to intone the Night Offering—
ough not as a prayer.
For the first time in my experience,
a Larkin found her true tongue.
That the curse o' bloody Cromwell
ay perch on you!" she shouted, "an'
the seed, breed, an' generation after
u! That the crows may fly in an' out
rough your windows! That long
ass stalks may sprout at your thres-
ld! That God may keep your chim-
y perpetually cold!" Then, as an in-
nsequent postscript: "Up the Rebels!"
(That these misfortunes never fell
on me doesn't detract from the in-
nsic merit of the lovely curses, which

"Up the Rebels!" she shouted

as a cattle jobber with a ticket book of my own I often found effective on fair days when dealing with stubborn but superstitious smallholders).

The old lady continued to call spirits from the vasty deep; that they failed to arrive could scarcely be construed as a reflection upon her witchery.

Communally moving, the whole family withdrew from me as if I were a leper. Unmolested I left the kitchen. I had not moved far through the darkness when I heard light footsteps moving after me. I turned. There was Joanie Larkin. As I halted she stole closer and closer to me, then with a sudden thrust she flung her lips upon mine. The young girl's lips were full and heavy and wet as a dewy field. It was the first kiss of this kind I had ever received: it utterly churned my insides and at the time seemed adequate payment for all that I had suffered.

"I shall love you until I die!" Joanie Larkin breathed.

Later, the neighbors and the neighbors' children got wind of the affair.

"Who stole Ma Larkin's red petticoat?" they jeered at me. "Qu-hoo! Red Petticoat! Red Petticoat Hogan!" they shouted.

Instead of laughing at the name, I began to fight: thereafter the tale spread like concentric rings born of a stone thrown into a still pool. Soon we were known far and wide as the "Petticoat Hogans." My father began to hear gibing mention of the name in the public houses: "What under God is this they tell me about a red petticoat?" he asked me one night when he had returned half-capsized with alcohol.

And so the nickname has come down the years, cleaving fast to me and to my children. It began as a tiny thorn in my quick and ended as a rack, a jackboot, and a pitch cap. "Petticoat Hogan sold a house!" "Petticoat Hogan bought a roan pony!" "One of the Petticoat Hogans nearly got drowned in the mill pool!" "Old Petticoat himself made fifty pounds on one drift of bulls!" Why, when I was getting married to a decent, respectable country girl her neighbors taunted her by saying that ever afterward she'd be under petticoat rule.

"Petticoat! Red Petticoat! Red Petticoat Hogan!"

Let me now skip the intervening years and arrive at one day last week.

IN the course of my business as a cattle jobber, I traveled up country to what was known as a Gooseberry Fair. I bought well at the fair and felt satisfied with my visit to this town where I never had had dealings before. After the fair I took a few drinks with farmers and, like decent men, they treated me liberally in return. Suddenly, with the figure-of-eight clarity that accompanies the taking of a fair share of drink, I recalled that I was in the very town where Joanie Larkin was Reverend Mother in the local convent.

I took another drink or two to steel me for carrying into effect the resolution that had long since been shaping itself in my mind.

Resolutely I faced for the convent and reaching its white door at the avenue's end I banged upon the heavy brass knocker. The flower beds in front of the building were pure mad with the glory of summer. As I waited for the door to open, I looked down at my hobnailed boots which were garnished with more than their proper share of the cowdung of the fair.

A scrap of a novice modestly opened the door.

"Whisper, girl," I enjoined, though I knew well that I was roaring, "is it here that Joanie Larkin is the Reverend Mother?"

With that I leaned heavily against the jamb of the door and put my boot over the threshold so that the holy mite couldn't slam the door in my face even if the devil himself should tempt her to do so.

The novice smiled and cast down her eyes. "I believe Reverend Mother's own name *was* Larkin," she said demurely.

"Good!" I said, thrusting open the door and pushing my way into the parquetted hall.

The gentle-mannered girl took a few swishing steps backward. "Do you wish to see her?" she asked.

"That's my firm intention!" I said.

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After another glance at my boots, the novice showed me into a shining room where there was an oil painting of the current Bishop clad in his red episcopals. Like riding on fresh ice it was, walking with my hobnailed shoes upon a floor of such a high polish.

The novice turned at the door. "Whom shall I say?" she asked.

"Tell her it's Red Petticoat!" I said grimly.

"Excuse me," the girl said, "I didn't quite catch the name."

"Red," I said, "the color red—that's my Christian name, and petticoat—a woman's undergarment—that's my surname."

"Red Petticoat!" the girl breathed, the while she was having trouble with her mouth corners. Then quietly: "I see!"

"I knew you'd see!" I said, more grimly still.

The novice went away. I had the temerity to take a turn on the floor and nearly broke my neck in the operation. Prudently I seated myself on a safe, hairy, high-backed chair, extracted a clove from my waistcoat pocket, and began to chew upon it resolutely.

I heard the ringing of bells and the faint rustling of garments. Voices were raised in distant gardens. The smell of beeswax came up and set about addling my already addled brain.

Joanie came into the room. I hadn't seen her for a dog's age. Her features had thickened and there were lines where never there were lines before, but the gaiety of her face was simply slurred over and not wholly vanished. The treacherous linoleum went the black o' your nail of legging me as I rose to greet her.

"Oh, Johnny, Johnny, Johnny!" she said on seeing me. Then of a spurt her face altered and the soft tears came.

I was momentarily minded to forgive her her misdemeanors. But my face hardened on hearing a tinkle of laughter from faraway corridors.

"I was there at the fair buyin' a handful of springin' heifers," I said lamely.

"Oh, Johnny, Johnny, you bring everything back," she said.

LISTENING to the distant ring of laughter, the tears stilled on Reverend Mother's eyelids and on her face appeared an expression of fleeting severity.

We began to speak of the neighbors, of the matching, the hatching, and the dispatching. I told her how many in the family I had: that my second lad had cut off the tip of his small finger with a pulper, that her sister Ellie's third daughter was the dead spit of the Joanie Larkin that had beguiled me, and that Sham's slick hair had long since vanished like the froth of the river.

Suddenly I realized that gentle gossip like this would only deprive me of my revenge.

"Have you a mouth on you?" she asked at last, using a Friary Lane invitation to eat.

"I've eaten enough and drunken too much," I said staunchly. There and then I drove straight to the urgency of my errand. "That's a nice thing you did to me!" I blurted. All my softness had now gone.

"What did I do to you?" she asked, unaccountably young and arch and cool.

"Hum!" I said. "Tied a flamin' red label to me an' my family for good an' glory."

At this she bubbled over and laughed until she cried. In the intervals of her laughter I could hear the clinking of hanging rosaries and the remote squeaking of shoe soles.

"My children have the name!" I said sharply. "'Tis unknown to God and the world where 'twill end now!"

● An argument is two people trying to get in the last word first.
—Journeyman Barber

"'Twon't be a pennyweight on their backs," Joanie said, still smiling as at the memory of an immense pleasure.

"It's derogatory, woman," I said, using a word I had seen in a book.

"Yerra, what derogatory?" she said, bridling up. "Didn't you get your share of the money as well as I did?"

"Sham is keepin' the fire up to me day an' night," I complained. "I can read the mockin' knowledge of the story in the eyes of every newcomer to the town."

Then I blurted out what I had come to say: "'Tis only you can clear my name!"

"What can I do about it now?" Joanie asked, with what at the time seemed genuine amazement.

"You could . . . write down on a piece of paper that it wasn't I . . ."

"That it wasn't you what?" she asked.

"That 'twasn't I stole the danged petticoat!" I exclaimed.

"Such language!" the Reverend Mother said, with a bright ripple of laughter.

"'Tis no laughin' matter at all!" I shouted.

"Arrah, have sense, man," she said, as if tossing the subject aside.

"Let *you* have the sense," I said with sudden truculence, "for it's here I stay until you make up your mind to clea my name!"

"Well . . ." she breathed, in irresolu tion.

As I raised my singing voice in bawdy ballad, the corridors of the holi convent came alive with disciplined ex citement. "Sssh!" the Reverend Mothe said, rising and clapping her soft hand across my mouth.

She wrote my exculpation on the con vent-headed notepaper. I stuffed the document into my waistcoat pocke where it would have the scent of clove for company.

AS she accompanied me to the door she said under her breath: "Oh Johnny. Johnny, I'll be many a long day living this incident down."

"That's music to me," I said, fully relentless. "At least you'll have the con solation of knowin' that you've no children to inherit your shame."

"True enough!" she said, not without a touch of poignancy.

As I was going away, she gave me a lovely bunch of flowers for the Missus a fist of medals for my young lads, and since my third lassie Noreen was making her First Communion on the Saturday following, the Reverend Mother gave me a blessed souvenir card fit to be framed. She also pressed upon me a padded silk picture of Saint Joseph which she enjoined me to pin inside the pram of the last arrival of my clutch. She asked me to convey her love to each and every one of the old neighbors. What with the rosaries, the *agnus deis*, the medals, the scroll under my oxter, and the bunch of flowers that came close to kindling my tendency to hay fever, not to mention the drink that was yeasty and bubbly on my belly I must have looked and smelled like a cross between a repository, a conservatory, and a brewery. When at last I got out into the open air I felt moidered to God and the world. Still I had the exculpation in my pocket, and that was something to be proud of.

Joanie accompanied me as far as the barred iron gate. There I took leave of her. My rebellious brogues made figures of S's on the black, hard road. When I had gone a little distance God granted me the wind and the wit to finish my ballad, so I raised it without let and to my heart's content. Mightily pleased with my prowess, I stopped in mid-song and glanced back. Joanie's laughing face was framed between the bars of the convent gate. As I stood there she uplifted her arm and sang out: "Up the Rebels!" Then, with a laugh from the long ago, she turned and walked briskly between the rhododendrons to where her white convent drowsed under the full June sun.

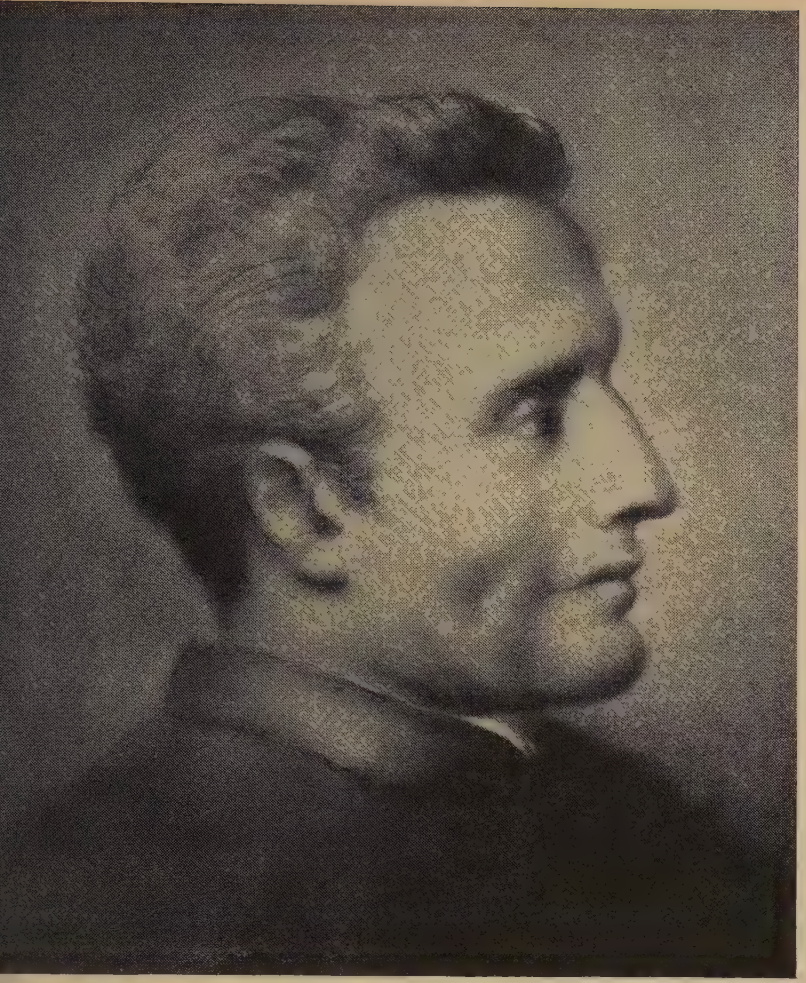

Photo courtesy Holy Ghost Fathers

Ven. Libermann, first superior of the Society of the Holy Ghost

The Synagogue Finds the Seminary

From childhood he had been trained to be a Rabbi. It was not easy for him now to kneel before the Cross of Christ

by HELEN WALKER HOMAN

N the early part of the nineteenth century, the light of faith was shed the Holy Spirit upon the souls of a mber of religious Jews then living in French provinces of Alsace and Lorne. Among them was a certain brilnt Hebrew scholar who was a Rabbi d a leader of the community, besides ng learned in everything pertaining the Jewish faith and worship. He s to play an important part in the version of another who was dramatiy called from the religious atmosphere the synagogue, young Jacob Libernn, the son of the learned Rabbi Saverne. Six sons had been born to Rabbi of Saverne. All six evenlly became Catholics. It is with the version of Jacob who lived to bene the founder of the great mission- society of the Holy Heart of Mary, l the first Superior-General of the ient Society of the Holy Ghost after fusion with that of the Holy Heart Mary—and upon whom Mother urch has bestowed the title of Venere—that the following story is conned.

t was the year 1826. The diligence m Strasbourg to Paris bowled along ancient roads, laid down centuries earlier by the Romans. Elixir of autumn was in the air, and the eight horses, responding to its crispness, sped the voyagers along at a fast pace, leaving the villages through which they raced shrouded in a pall of dust.

A slender young man of twenty-four with sensitive, finely chiseled features, characteristically semitic, sat in the rear of the coach, apparently so lost in reflection that his fellow travelers refrained from any attempt to invite him into their conversation. Drawn to the French capital by material considerations, their talk was chiefly concerned with finance, business, and politics. And they would have been surprised and vastly amused had they been able to read the thoughts of the silent young passenger.

That a young man who had seen so little of the world beyond the small Alsatian town where he had grown up, beyond the city of Metz where he had just completed four years in the higher Hebraic studies, and who now for the first time was on his way to the gayest metropolis of Europe should be wishing with all his heart that he had never embarked upon this journey, would have amazed them. The truth was, for all the world, young Jacob Libermann would have turned back now if he could. Not back to Strasbourg, where he had just spent a few hours with his oldest brother, for as dearly as he loved him, the visit had reminded him all too poignantly of the treacherous blow Samson had dealt their father when he had shamelessly renounced Judaism and entered the Catholic Church. But back to Saverne, where lay all his Jewish roots, where their father was known and respected the country round as the wise and good Rabbi of Saverne. From Jacob's earliest memory this father had been carefully training and molding him for a rabbinical career.

What on earth then was he doing, turning his face toward Paris which might only foster the religious doubts that had long been plaguing him? To be sure, his pocket held a letter of introduction to the Grand Rabbi Deutz, written by the Rabbi of Saverne, commending his son to his spiritual guid-

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HELEN WALKER HOMAN, author of *By Post to the Apostles, Letters to the Martyrs,* etc., is at present engaged in writing a Life of Venerable Jacob Libermann which will be published soon.

ance. But what of that other letter which also lay in his pocket, about which he had said nothing to his father upon his recent visit to Saverne? It had been sent to Jacob from Paris by one who himself had once been a famous rabbi, but who now was known simply as Monsieur Drach. The very mention of that name would have been sufficient to infuriate his father, for Drach's apostasy had been notorious and had shaken to its roots the entire Jewish world of Alsace and Lorraine. The Rabbi Drach, even as Samson, had been ensnared by the Catholic Church. His letter urged Jacob to visit Paris where "I teach in the seminary of the Collège Stanislaus, and where there is a room waiting for you. There we can discuss your religious difficulties far better than we can in correspondence."

JACOB was wondering miserably why he had ever become involved in a correspondence with Monsieur Drach. As a lonely student in the city of Metz, far from his family and troubled by certain aspects of the Talmudic teaching, it had seemed a good idea when a sympathetic friend had advised him to write to Drach. "After all, he has been a rabbi, and would understand better than most the religious doubts of a rabbi's son." But that was before Jacob, in his yearning to see his father after four long years of separation, had walked all the way from Metz to Saverne! That was before he had seen for himself the heavy mark of sorrow upon the beloved face, the stoop to the powerful shoulders. How white had grown the thick, unruly hair, the long flowing beard. Jacob twisted unhappily in his seat. The visit to his father had determined him to remain forever faithful—at least outwardly—to the synagogue, even if his doubts might prevent him in all honesty from proceeding with his studies for a rabbinical career.

He reflected now upon how lonely he had been in Metz, far from all those he loved—that lively lot of brothers (the Rabbi had six sons) and the little sister. Each son, upon achieving manhood, had been sent away to a European city to perfect himself in the Hebraic studies, for it had been their devout father's earnest hope that each should in turn become a rabbi. But what had happened? Jacob sighed, as he contemplated the extent of his father's broken dreams.

Samson, the eldest son, whom Jacob had just seen in Strasbourg, had first caused their father great distress by abandoning his rabbinical studies to become a doctor. Later he had thrown his father literally into mourning when he and his lovely young Jewish wife had joined the Catholic Church. The next two brothers, David and Henoch, remained, for the present at least, true to the synagogue. But Felkel who was just three years older, and Samuel, two years younger than Jacob, having both come under baneful influences abroad, had only recently increased their father's shame by following Samson into the Church. So, among six sons, there had been a triple apostasy. There must be no more! And the mobile mouth, with its normally frank and attractive smile, set itself in a determined line. What was he doing, in truth, journeying to Paris with a secret letter from an apostate rabbi in his pocket? Well he knew that his father, in permitting him to visit Paris at all, had been influenced by his conviction that the Grand Rabbi Deutz would settle all his doubts—and especially by the fervent hope that Jacob could win his brother Felkel, who had taken up residence there, back to the orthodox faith.

How good it would be to see Felkel again! During all their boyhood, the two had been inseparable. Affectionate, happy-natured Felkel. It was difficult to understand how he could so callously have twisted the knife deeper in their father's heart. The total treachery must be traced back to Samson, the eldest, who had set this pernicious example. Yet how good a brother Samson had ever been to them all! Particularly to Jacob, twelve years his junior, whom he had always protected.

• POVERTY: A miserable state of existence which deprives one of many things he is better off without.
—Home Life

Samson's home in Strasbourg had been a curious revelation to Jacob. He had been shocked by its "Goyim" atmosphere—the crucifix over the child's bed, the night prayers—ugly anachronisms in a home where husband and wife were both heirs to the ancient Jewish tradition. Babette and Samson had flagrantly flaunted their Catholicism, had made no attempt to conceal their desire to snare him likewise into the Church. He writhed as he recalled that at one point his devotion to Samson had even made him weakly promise to explore the teachings of the Church while in Paris, to see Drach after all. No! That he must not do! Again, his mouth set itself determinedly. He considered that the too impulsive promise had later been fairly canceled by Babette's brash and outrageous farewell. He cringed now as he thought of it. "In Paris," she had said, "all will be made clear. There, you will not only become a Christian, far better than are we, but you will also become a priest!" What a mad fanatic the woman was! Jacob had shrunk away from her as though he had been struck.

Some three days later a very tired young man alighted in the French capital. He was wearied not so much by the long journey as by the conflicting emotions which had plagued it. His father—Samson. The two visits, coming together so closely and after so long a period of waiting, had exhausted him emotionally. For it had so befallen that each of these two dearly loved ones desired of him directly opposing decisions. And now he would have to choose: his father and the Rabbi Deutz, or Samson and Monsieur Drach. While within his soul something that stood quite apart from either his father or Samson clamored to be heard in its own right. And Jacob knew instinctively that it was this voice alone which he must eventually follow. By far the simplest way of all would be to strangle finally his yearning for God, to embrace agnosticism—and to enter a business career.

Small wonder then that his first exuberant evening with the delighted Felkel had terminated in one of his most devastating headaches. As Jacob lay on his back in his brother's modest apartment, it seemed to him that some invisible fiend was chanting a ritual close to his ear. "Deutz or Drach? Deutz or Drach?" ran the endless refrain. But there—he had promised his father to see Deutz, so there was no escaping that.

But next day, when he was better, quite incomprehensibly he took a course diametrically opposed to that upon which he had determined. To the end of his life he was never able to explain that decision upon rational grounds. For within a few hours after his arrival in Paris, he found himself knocking upon Monsieur Drach's door. . . .

COLD, silence, darkness. Was there nothing in the world but these? Jacob looked up from the book he had been trying to read by the dim light which filtered down from a small window in the roof. His eyes met the narrow, whitewashed walls of a cell—here, a small hard bed, there a stand and a straight chair, above the bed, a crucifix. That was all. From afar off came the toning of a muted, melancholy bell. Then silence again, silence as Jacob had never experienced before.

In utter misery he tossed the book across the bed. He could no longer bear this silence! It was oppressive, threatening, melodramatic. At any moment it would surely be broken by a tragic shriek. For three days now, Jacob

ited for that shriek. But it never
Utter despair and loneliness.
after hour, poring over ancient,
worn books—in Latin, in French,
bidden Goyim learning. Hearing
man voice, except just before
nes in the long refectory where,
lot of young men who seemed to
each other very well and to have
in common, he felt even more
han in his narrow cell.

ch. Yes, Drach had been very
out in their few interviews Jacob
en both drawn and repelled. The
or's hours at the seminary were
d, and the talks in the stiff ec-
ical parlor on the first floor had
necessarily brief. Their very set-
nt to them an uncomfortable for-
to which the volatile young Jew
naccustomed. He could not, how-
forget Drach's kindness on that
—was it only three days ago?—
he had graciously introduced him
Abbé and to the others. They
ad been kind and hospitable, but
hey had shown him his cell, the
and the refectory, and the gar-
where he was privileged to take
y walks, they had left him to him-
He had never realized before that
oyim were such uncommunicative
e. They said little, but worked
rayed much. Busy as bees, all day
but distressingly untalkative.
, of course, were the religious.

W he wondered if all Christian so-
ciety was similar? Were the gath-
of his brothers' friends as silent
seminary groups? What an un-
nt thought! He smiled tenderly as
alled the gatherings on the great
feasts at his old home in Saverne.
everyone had talked and laughed
e—and eaten! How merry it had
en! But here during meals, no one
—except an elderly priest at the
d of the table who seemed to read
from a book. Jacob's seat was so
moved from his that he could
nothing but a mumble.

en, back to the solitude of his cell,
a lonely walk in the garden while
her young men hurried to strange
cupations which seemed to keep
so happy—to chapel, to classes.
had but one friend! Or better, his
. He wished with all his heart that
ic carpet would transport him on
nstant to Saverne. There lay all
wish roots. There lay all the re-
s beauty that had sustained him
ghout so many years. The syna-
, the ceremonies, the Prophets—
all, Isaias. There and there only,
e belong!

at was keeping him here, anyway?
only at a short distance lay
's cozy rooms with a bed that
Felkel had said was always to be his. He had but to walk out the door this minute and be with his brother in less than half an hour! He could leave a note for Monsieur Drach. And he need never return here, to this place as silent as the sepulcher, and as cold. Why was he troubling himself about religion, in any case? Many people lived quite happily without it, losing themselves in the pleasures of the world. Such pleasures were plentiful in Paris. He was but twenty-four. Why should he not forget religion and enjoy all that the world offered—freedom to work and to earn, to have friends and companionship—perhaps even a sweetheart whom he could marry and who would bear him children? The vision of Samson's cozy home shot across his mind. Ah, but there religion entered in again. Could he never escape it?

The silence pressed in upon him relentlessly. Sighing, he languidly picked up the volume he had tossed across the bed. It was Lhomond, on the *History of the Christian Doctrine*. That, and a companion volume on the *History of Religion* had been loaned him by Drach. Although he had read them through, he found parts of them utterly incomprehensible, premised as they were on the essential keystone—faith. The Eucharist—the miracles. And as he began to read again, his misery only increased. It seemed as though he were standing on the brink of a volcano, looking down into smoking depths and a vast, terrifying darkness. He could not turn back. There was no other way but to plunge. Into what? A bottomless pit? A raging, consuming fire, far below? But he must turn back. Now, before it was too late. After all, ages before this Christian enigma ever existed, there had been the ancient faith of his fathers. . . . "I am the God of Abraham, and of Isaac. . . ." Desperately he again flung the volume from him. Then suddenly he found himself on his knees. Blind with tears, he broke into prayer.

"O Eternal God of my fathers, enlighten me, and lift the misery in which I wander, forlorn, and alone. If this Christ is in truth Your Son and the Messias, make it so known to me! But if this teaching is false, I beseech Thee, God of my fathers, rescue me from the abyss over which I tremble!"

Only silence—only that all-encompassing silence of the seminary. He knelt there by the hard bed, his head buried in his hands, all the heart within him crying out to his God. Presently he lifted his head. And then, in that total silence, the answer was vouchsafed. The clouds which for so long had shrouded his mind, the fears which had chilled his heart were lifted by a mighty force which left them naked and trembling. . . . "For this was I born. For this came I into the world." In that silence, the ears of the spirit caught the words—and listened in ecstasy.

THEN his eyes sought out the crucifix, hanging above the bed. The late afternoon sun, moving westward, had sent a shaft of sunshine through the high window in the roof. It fell diagonally across the figure of Him whose own had received Him not. It illumined the bent head, the outstretched arms. The rest of the room lay in shadow. And there on his knees, it was Jacob Libermann's voice which at last broke the silence with a joyous cry.

"Credo!" . . .

What stupendous miracle is this—when God reaches down from heaven, and with His finger, touches a single soul! . . . It is Michelangelo's "Creation" as he dreamed it, but wrought by the Divine Artist.

Song in the Night

▶One of Mark Twain's stories concerned an experience he had on one of his lecture tours. He had waited for hours in the little depot, and when the train finally arrived he was exhausted. Wasting no time, he climbed into his upper berth and immediately fell asleep. He was promptly awakened by the sound of an old woman's voice murmuring over and over:

"Oh, I'm so thirsty. I'm so thirsty."

For awhile he ignored the lament, but he found it impossible to relax. Climbing down, he found his way to the water cooler and brought the old woman a glass of water.

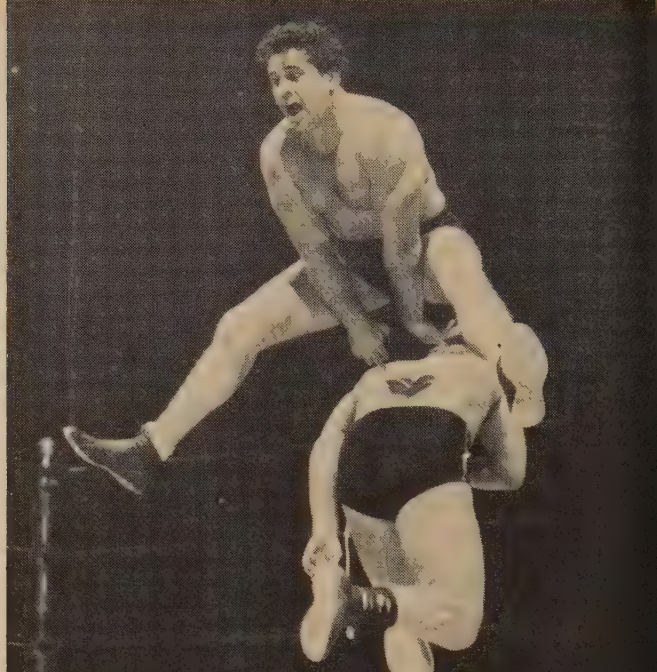
She thanked him effusively and, feeling like a good Samaritan, he returned to his berth. Just as he was drifting off to sleep, he was horrified to hear the voice again. With the same monotony as before, it was chanting:

"Oh, I *was* so thirsty. I *was* so thirsty."

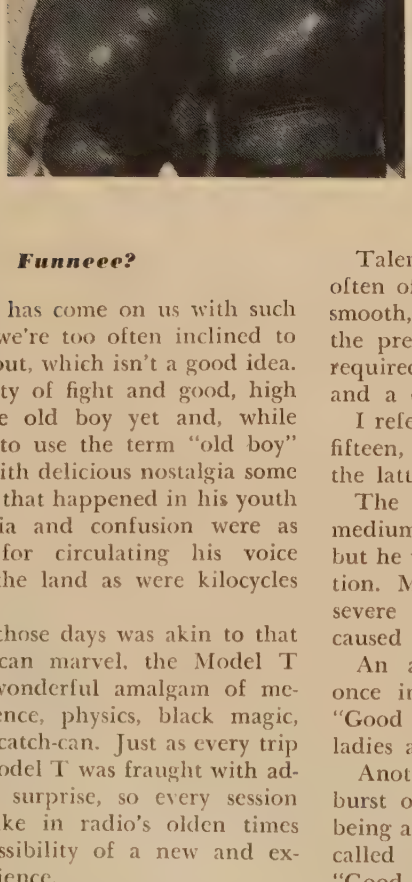
—John O'Neill

RADIO AND TELEVISION

by ***JOHN LESTER***



Above: Athletic prowess and outstanding showmanship are displayed in TV wrestling matches



Left: Comedian Red Buttons, who joined the overcrowded ranks of TV casualties

Funneee?

Television has come on us with such a rush that we're too often inclined to count radio out, which isn't a good idea. There's plenty of fight and good, high living in the old boy yet and, while noting this, to use the term "old boy" is to recall with delicious nostalgia some of the things that happened in his youth when hysteria and confusion were as responsible for circulating his voice throughout the land as were kilocycles and watts.

Radio in those days was akin to that other American marvel, the Model T Ford, that wonderful amalgam of mechanical science, physics, black magic, and catch-as-catch-can. Just as every trip in the old Model T was fraught with adventure and surprise, so every session with the mike in radio's olden times held the possibility of a new and exciting experience.

Equipment was put together as the saying goes "with baling wire and Scotch tape"—a ceiling mike once worked loose from its bent-nail anchorage and conked me in the middle of a broadcast—and was mysterious and unpredictable.

Talent, especially announcers, was often of matching character, unlike the smooth, polished, self-confident lads of the present, and the simplest program required steel nerves, a pioneering spirit, and a devil-may-care attitude.

I refer, of course, to the radio of ten, fifteen, twenty-five years ago, especially the latter.

The announcer was kingpin of the medium in those wild, madcap days, but he wasn't always master of the situation. More than one was seized with a severe attack of "mike fright" that caused him to give way completely.

An announcer named Fred Hooey once introduced a program like this: "Good afternoon, Fred Hooey, this is ladies and gentlemen."

Another, named Fred Hall, in a burst of excitement and enthusiasm at being a part of the glamorous new thing called radio—at last—came on with: "Good ladies, even and gentlemen."

Frank Knight is still famous for: "And here is the weather report—tomorrow, rowdy, followed by clain."

Keyes Perrin slipped in during an on-the-air introduction with: "the Duck and Doochess of Windsor," and an announcer whose name I forget, wh reading the news, reported that " RAF today dropped two four- blondes on Berlin."

Funneee?

TV, The Killer

Never before have show people b exposed to the tremendous pressure a pace that exist in television, and m are cracking up as a result—some, p manently.

This is a side of the medium the p lic rarely hears about, a side that is s pedaled by the press agents or hus up wherever possible by the netwo in favor of concentration on glit glamour, spangles, lights, and pap mâché.

Nevertheless, television is a c methodical killer and, by way of pr just let me recall for you a few rec news stories or items, a few that w too big to be squelched.

Ed Sullivan, of "Toast Of The Tow was recently hospitalized for an u that acted up so painfully and serio under the stress and aggravation weekly TV that he had to have it trea at once—or else.

Buttons, one of the new comedy
llapsed three minutes before his
show, and two weeks later col-
again.
y Durante has been on the verge
ing TV ever since he began it,
v he keeps up is a mystery but he
o it indefinitely.
e Gleason, until recently, was
n a hospital between shows.
Tynn just recovered from another
TV-itis, and Donald O'Connor,
as he is, has experienced a
drain on his strength since enter-
TV lists and is constantly under
r's care.
ere a solution?
yes. Time will solve much, of
time and just learning how to
th this new modern monster.
ensible eating, drinking, and all-
living will help, also, and plenty
before and after the big efforts.

In Review

ember wrestling?
as all over television at one time.
e people ridiculed it and others
was "disgraceful." Still others said
a ridiculous, animalistic exhibi-
travesty on sport if, indeed, sport
and that all participants should
own in jail or chased out of the
y, etc., etc., etc.
, now that the hysteria has sub-
let a man who has survived
world wars, automobiles, air-
lipstick, the Hollywood in-
, radio, and the Roaring
ies, to mention a few of the things
ere supposed to kill or otherwise
me, let this man, if you will,
a good word for wrestling on
on.
, it served an excellent purpose
the medium was young and de-
ng in that it solved serious pro-
ing problems. Wrestling matches
cheap and easy to televise; the
merely carted one camera to
ne of the mayhem and turned it
our after hour.
s free access to a sport that had
een by only a comparatively few
ed thousand of America's 157,-
0 up to that time was valuable
ity for television itself. This
ity caused comment, controversy
quiry and, in turn, furthered the
of TV all over the country. This
means more communications,
more communications means a
er nation—in peace and in war.
that wrestling did the trick sin-
ndedly, but it helped. And let's
restle with that point.
for the spectacle presented by
ers on TV: this is a good show
viewer is a wrestling enthusi-
if he knows how to watch
wrestling and also if he understands it.

There's no doubt that matches are fixed, but so what? The boys are real actors and put on a show that's 1,000 times better than they'd be able to if things were otherwise and, after all, TV is show business.

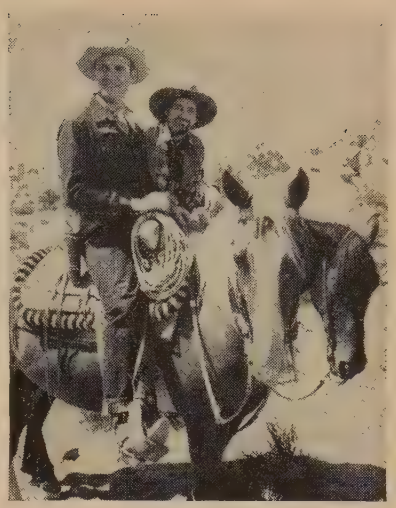
As for sport, anyone who watches wrestling can be sure he's watching some of the greatest, repeat, greatest, athletes in the world, bar none, and, as a group, some of the nicest, mildest, and most gentlemanly men in America, bar none.

They couldn't work as often and as strenuously as they do if they weren't superbly conditioned, and they couldn't maintain their organization under the conditions of their work if they weren't high-type men.

In Brief

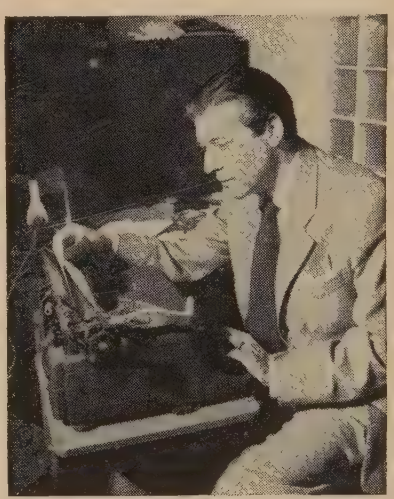
Bing Crosby's own TV series will be announced soon, and "The Old Groaner's" format will be simple: "a little song or two, a little talk, but no production, rehearsal, or bother". . . . A total of 361 universities and colleges throughout the country are now offering courses in radio and TV, so says the U. S. Office of Education. . . . Bette Davis' price for one video appearance is $10,000. . . . A Detroit TV station has banned all drinking scenes in commercials that originate in the Motor City. . . . Hey, Dick Tracy! Federal narcotics agents used miniature radio transmitters (about the size of a package of cigarettes) to communicate with each other while closing in on a gang of dope peddlers in New York recently. . . . Jerry Lewis claims he has perfected a chlorophyll handkerchief for Eskimos who want to keep their noses "kissing sweet". . . .

TV receiver prices, on the decline for the last five years, are due for further reductions this year. . . . Karl Freund, ace camerman who films the *I Love Lucy* series, says TV "has finally taught movie stars to be on time. In 45 years, I never knew an actor or an actress who was on time until I landed in television!" . . . Eleven radio stations went bankrupt during 1952, but 101 new ones rushed into the breach. . . . Phil Silvers: "I like appearing on television. Those hot studio lights are good for my sinus!" . . . Latest license figures from Canada show that country has 2,198,988 radio sets in operation as of now. . . . Now that Bob Hope has left his cigarette sponsor, it can be told that he never smokes or touches tobacco of any kind and never has, as far as I know. . . . Jackie Coogan and Michael O'Shea will co-star in the new TV series, *Underseas Squadron*. . . . Top Democrats say Adlai Stevenson is a cinch to begin a radio and/or television series to help offset Ike's planned "Fireside Chats" via both media. . . . There's trouble brewing in Cuban TV because of the alleged "muscling in" by American interests. The local operators say they can't compete with the flow of the Yankee dollar.

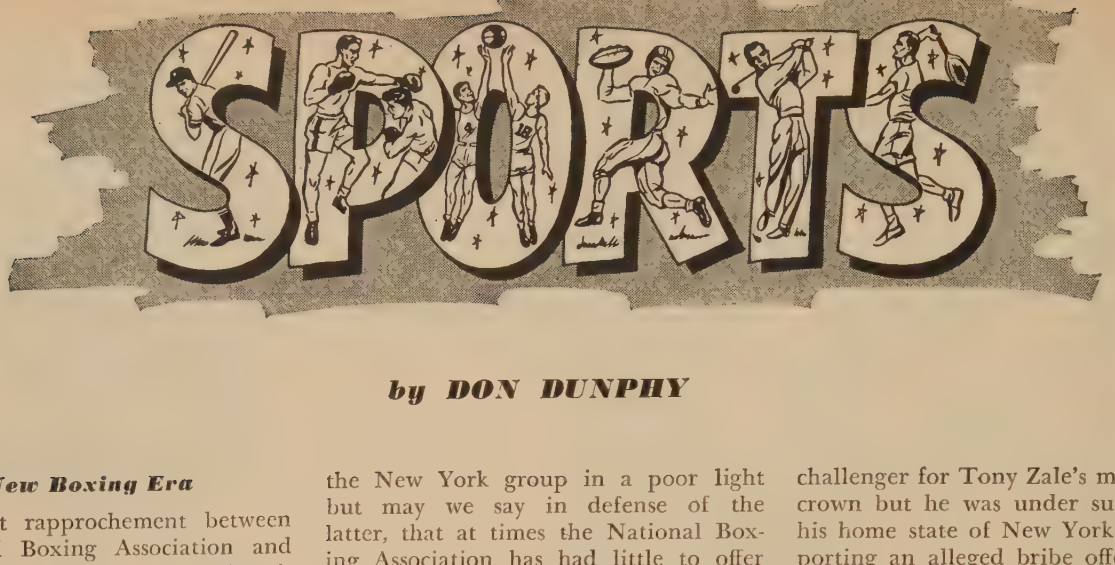


☆ ***WESTERN HERO—Gene Autry and "Champion" ride the adventure trails in his new CBS show. Pat Buttram is his partner.***

☆ ***GOOD VIEWING—Ed Wynn has a new TV series in the making, and Ann Sothern is an amusing "Private Secretary" (CBS-TV)***



☆ ***"INTRIGUE" NEWSMAN—Jerome Thor, foreign correspondent in "Foreign Intrigue," among best of TV's mystery shows.***



by ***DON DUNPHY***

A New Boxing Era

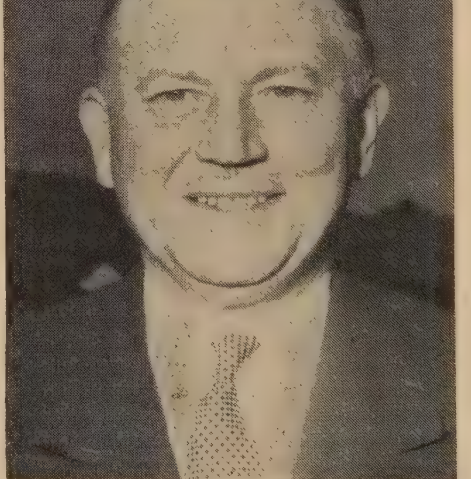
The recent rapprochement between the National Boxing Association and the New York Athletic Commission is unquestionably the best thing that has happened to boxing in years and years. The fact that the two great governing bodies of the sport can now act in concert instead of at cross purposes as they did so many times, bespeaks well for the future of a sport that in the past has suffered more from its friends than from its enemies.

It has always been a mystery to this writer why the N.B.A. and the New York Commission couldn't have gotten together a long time ago to form a national organization for the guidance and betterment of the game. But apparently they couldn't, or to put it another way, they wouldn't. Unquestionably, jealousies at the top, or pride, or the fear of a loss of prestige, kept the bosses from getting together. Or perhaps it was all three.

For the benefit of those of our readers who may not understand the foregoing let us explain briefly. The National Boxing Association is an organization that controls the sport in 47 states but not in New York, and of course the New York Athletic Commission is the State delegated ruling body of the sport in the Empire State. But boxing is a sport that is not confined within state lines and the fact that there was one regulatory body with one set of rules in one part of the country and another with another set in New York naturally boded no good for boxing as a whole.

Until now, the two organizations have merely passed the time of day and kept on walking whenever they met and there have been occasions where one would cross to the other side of the street to avoid a meeting. Many times the N. B. A. has offered to take in the New York body as a member but there is a clause in the New York boxing law which forbids that. Refusing to join up with the other States has often put the New York group in a poor light but may we say in defense of the latter, that at times the National Boxing Association has had little to offer but a name. While the New York group has had complete control over boxing in New York, the N.B.A. has not had similar control over its member States. In other words, if a State such as New Jersey or Illinois questioned a ruling of the parent body it could take it or leave it.

However, what was bad for boxing in the failure of the two groups to get together was the fact that individuals in



BOB CHRISTENBERRY
Co-operation is the order of the day

the game were prone to sneer at both and do just as they pleased. A boxer or manager, for instance, who was under suspension in New York could often fight in another State and a boxer suspended in Pennsylvania might conceivably get a match in New York. The most recent glaring example of playing one group against the other was the Rocky Graziano case.

In 1947, Rocky was the outstanding challenger for Tony Zale's middleweig crown but he was under suspension his home state of New York for not porting an alleged bribe offer to thr a fight against one Ruben Shanks. won't go into the merits or demerits the Graziano case for there are ma who say he was punished unjustly a unduly but we want to treat the mat as it affects N.B.A.-New York relatio The basic point is that rightfully wrongfully Rocky was under suspensi in New York. But not only New Yo boxing but all boxing was made to lo ludricrous when Graziano was licens to fight Zale in Illinois, an N.B.A. Sta

Graziano knocked out Zale in a bru ing battle in the Chicago Stadium b that didn't affect his status in the E pire State. He was still under suspe sion in New York and as far as the fis fathers in that domain were concern he was literally a "King without crown."

However, this didn't stop Rocky a his managers when it came time for t return match with Zale. Unable to fi in New York they did the next b thing and took the scrap next door Newark, New Jersey, which of course N.B.A. territory. Zale recaptured title with an early round kayo of New Yorker. Of course these shena gans did boxing no good anywhere. (cidentally, Graziano was subsequen restored to good standing in New Yor

There was also, for instance, the ti when Jack Dempsey was heavywei champion and Harry Wills was the ch lenger designate in New York. But T Rickard, the promoter, wanted Demp to defend against Gene Tunney. J Farley, New York Chairman, stood ground and Rickard stood his, and latter took the fight to Philadelp with Gentleman Gene opposing Manassa Mauler.

In 1937, heavyweight champion J Braddock was under contract to defe against Max Schmeling in New Yo but promoter Mike Jacobs wanted Br dock to fight Joe Louis. Jacobs won

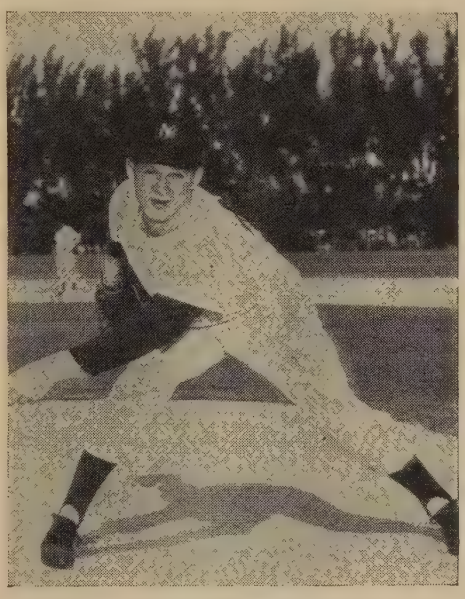
finding a misplaced comma in the
ıtract. The New York Commission
ught the comma wasn't misplaced, so
cle Mike took the brawl to Chicago
ere Louis won. Schmeling got his
nce a year later against Louis and
; annihilated in one round.
These are some of the instances that
ne quickly to mind. They are out-
nding cases but some of the little
own ones are much more important.
r instance, if it is found that a fighter
eing managed by criminal parties or
interests detrimental to boxing, he
uld probably be denied a license in
ertain state. But what good is that if
can fight somewhere else? Or more
portant, a fighter may be denied a
ense because of injury. If he can fight
another state, that could be fatal.
If the National Boxing Association
d the New York State Athletic Com-
ssion stick to their new found com-
on round, we are sure that a new and
tter day will dawn for boxing. Our
ngratulations go to Robert Christen-
ry, New York Chairman, and his as-
ciates, and to President George Barton
d Commissioner Abe Greene of the
B.A. for the great work they have
ne, and the fine start they have made
this important meeting of the minds.

Baseball Talk

Pretty soon now the folks will be
king baseball and the conversation
ll inevitably turn to an appraisal of
e New York Yankees and their chances
making diamond history by winning
eir fifth straight American League
nnant. The Bronx Bombers are on
e threshold of performing this un-
ard of feat, having been successful in
eir pennant quests of 1949, '50, '51,
d '52.
Three other clubs, the New York
ants, the Philadelphia Athletics, and
earlier edition of the Yankees came
se to performing this heroic feat but
each instance they faltered and fell
ort.
The Giants under the peerless John
cGraw reeled off pennant victories
om 1921 through 1924 but were beaten
t by the Pittsburgh Pirates in 1925.
his was an era when the Polo Ground-
s presented such diamond greats as
ankie Frisch, Beauty Bancroft, Heinie
roh, George Kelly, Ross Youngs,
eorge Burns, Irish Meusel, Artie Nehf,
il Douglas, Hughie McQuillan, and
st he be forgotten, Casey Stengel.
The Yankees, led by the equally peer-
ss Joe McCarthy, won without any
ouble at all in 1936, '37, '38, and '39.
each case they clobbered the field and
on by margins of 9½ to 19½ games.
hese were the halcyon days of Joe Di-
aggio, Tommy Henrich, Charley Kel-
r, Lefty Gomez, Red Ruffing, Monte
Pearson, Tony Lazzeri, Joe Gordon, Frankie Crosetti, Red Rolfe, and the unforgettable Iron Man, the immortal Lou Gehrig.

The New Yorkers struggled valiantly to make it five in a row in 1940 and after an uphill climb managed to get in first place briefly in the last few days. But they fell back and ended behind Detroit and Cleveland in a blanket finish. It would have been something for the Yankees to make this one, for they quickly reeled off three more wins in 1941, '42, and '43.

One other club came close to winning five in a row but they failed not at the end but in the middle. This, of course, was the Philadelphia Athletics. The A's had the greatest team of that time and won in 1910, 1911, 1913, and 1914. But in 1912, the Boston Red Sox turned in the amazing number of 105 victories and only 47 defeats to beat out the supposedly invincible Mackmen. How close the Philadelphia team came to making it five in a row can be gathered from the words of their great Manager, Connie Mack, who always insisted that the beaten 1912 team was his greatest. This was the year of Philadelphia's famed $100,000 (today it would be worth a million) infield of Jack Barry, Home Run Baker, Eddie Collins, and Stuffy McInnis. They also had the great Chief Bender, Eddie Plank, Joe Bush, Wallie Schang, Eddie Murphy, and others.



ED "WHITEY" FORD
Back on the mound for the Yankees

Reason we got to musing this way about the Yankees winning five in a row was the fact that recently Ed "Whitey" Ford was a guest speaker at a weekly luncheon of the New York Sports Broadcasters Association. This reminded us that the young lefthander was out of the service and would be back chucking for the New Yorkers this coming season.

It was Ford, you know, who came from nowhere to spark the Yankees to their 1950 pennant. Yankee pitching was floundering in midseason of that year when Ford, an ex-sandlotter with meagre minor league experience, was brought up by the Yankee front office. He promptly turned in a won 9, lost 1 record and since the Yankees won the pennant by only two games you can see how important he was.

Whitey, who resembles Eddie Lopat on the mound, did considerable pitching while in the service and apparently is ready to go. Asked if he was worried about the sophomore jinx that sometimes plagues young players, Eddie laughed and said he had had his sophomore jinx while in the service and figured it was past him. Ford made a point that all young ballplayers who go in the service might well take heed of. He said that before he left for the army, Yankee pitching coach, Jim Turner, told him that should he do any pitching in the service he must bear down all the time as though each game was a big league game. Turner said that should he try to coast or fool around on the mound, he would pick up bad pitching habits that would be hard to shake when he returned to the league. Which we thought was pretty sound advice. (Whitey's a swell youngster and we wish him well.)

In a recent issue we voiced a criticism of the selection of outfielder Hank Sauer of the Chicago Cubs as the National League's Most Valuable Player of 1952. We still have the same feelings over the choice but we're happy to present the other side of the story in the form of a letter received from George Tisinai of Chicago.

Dear Mr. Dunphy:

I hope you will not consider me provincial in protesting your criticism of Hank Sauer as the "Most Valuable Player." True, if I were an owner of the Cubs, I'd have my head examined if I refused a Sauer for Musial or Sauer for Roberts deal. But we are not concerned with the "Best Player" but the most valuable.

Surely when Sauer sparked such an exceedingly poor team as the Cubs to some position out of last place, he was doing a valuable thing. Granted, Musial on the Cubs would have done it better but then St. Louis losing Stan the Man would not be as bad for them as the Cubs losing Hank Sauer.

Remember, the mites given by the Poor Women were considered as a greater gift ("valuable") to Christ than the treasures ("best") given by the rich men.

Yours truly,
George Tisinai
Chicago, Ill.

So you want to adopt a Child

TEXT BY KAY LEEN. PHOTOS BY TIM DOWLING

After nine months of necessary arrangements, Tommy leaves the agency to go "home" with his new parents.

ADOPTION can be a rich and hear warming experience in the hand of a reputable agency. It also can b come a venture fraught with discou agement and disappointment when e tered into without an adequate u derstanding of the problems involve

Contrary to popular opinion, ther are far more people who want to adop children than there are children to b adopted, points out the Catholic Hom Bureau, child placement agency of th New York Catholic Charities. The ma jority of dependent children in chil caring institutions or foster boardin homes have one or both parents livin who do not wish to surrender thei parental rights. And no matter ho inadequate they may seem in th parental role, the law does not perm parents to be deprived of these right

Gone are the days when adoptio was as simple as a couple's wanting child and having a pleasant home an the financial means to secure his fu ture. Instead, because today the per centage of adoptable children is com paratively small, placement agencie increasingly are compelled to be mor selective in their choice of suitabl homes.

Adults can speak for themselves, bu the agency must speak for the chil Therefore, no matter how sympatheti

Living temporarily with adoptive parents, Tommy enjoys the toys.

ere is a complete account of the necessary steps that must be ken to adopt a Catholic child.

may be toward the problem of the childless uple, the prime responsibility of the place- ent agency lies with the child for whom it is liged to find not just any good home, but at home best suited to meet his individual ysical, emotional, and intellectual needs. is understood, of course, that the Catholic ency places primary emphasis on spiritual lues.

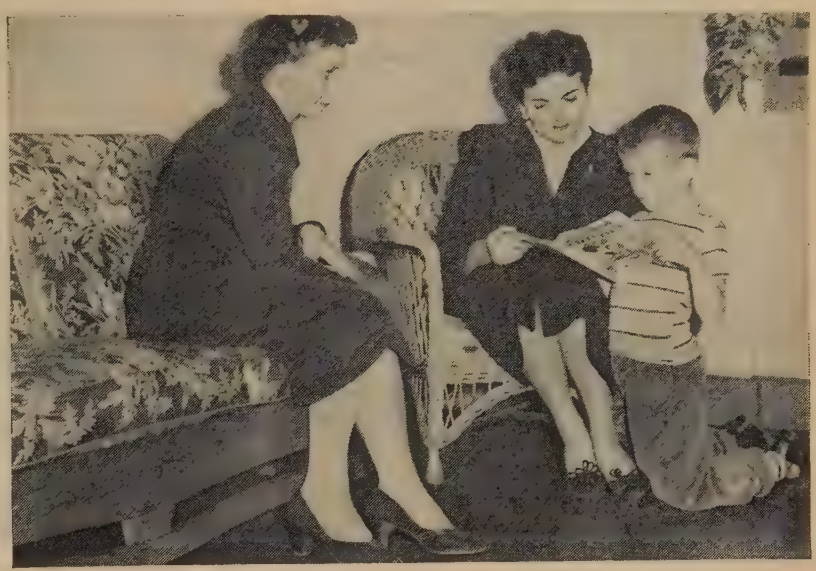
Criticism of the seemingly endless delay d so-called red tape connected with the option procedure frequently arises to ague the agency which is trying to do a od job. Considering that the objective of adoption is to find the best possible home, is not surprising that many couples must ait a long time and some must be refused ntirely.

Forearmed with these facts and the knowl- dge that the screening of adoptive parents is protective measure designed to insure the ture happiness of both parent and child, ou, too, may enter the ranks of applicants, sured that if it is your good fortune to re- ive a child, he will be the "right" child for ou.

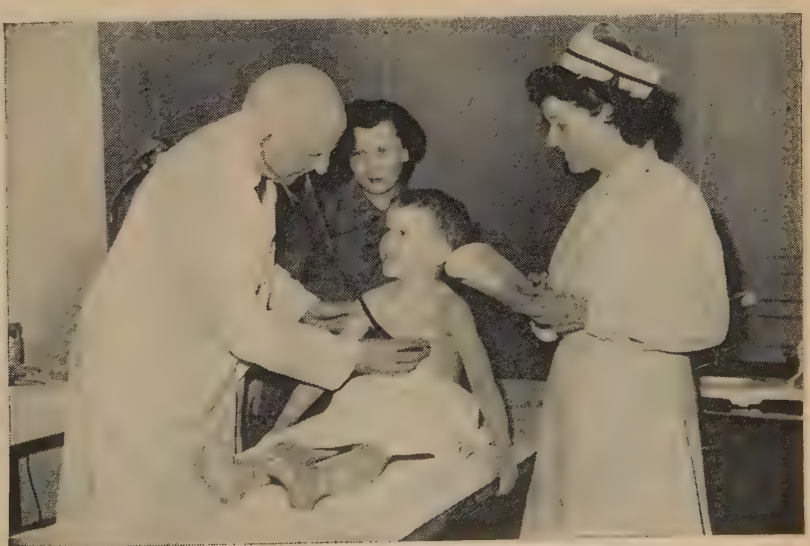
The accompanying pictures give you some lea of the time and work necessary to pre- are both parents and adoptable child for a ive-happy-ever-after" ending.

1. The process begins. Adoptive parents must have letters from priest and doctor.

2. Case worker visits the home of the prospective foster parents. The home and family situation is always thoroughly investigated.

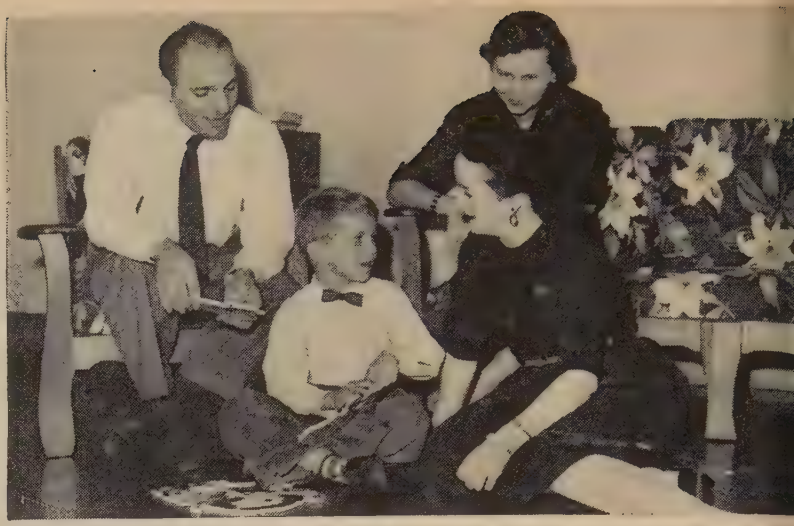


3. In meantime, Tommy is placed in special "study home" to learn family life. Temporary foster mother reports progress to case worker.



4. All children at Catholic Home Bureau receive the best in medical and dental care. Tommy seems to enjoy his routine physical check-up.

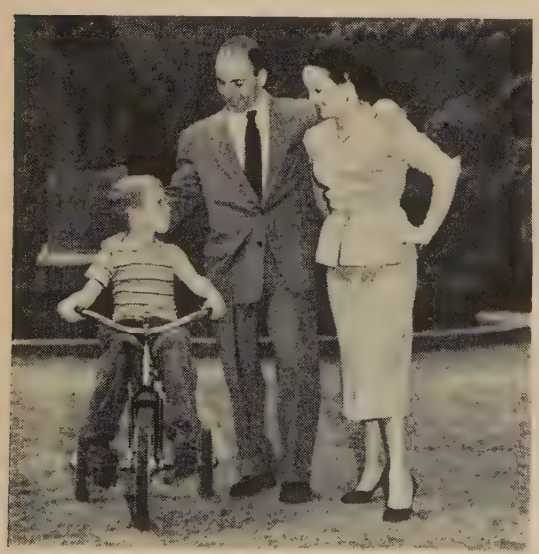
5. Case worker and supervisor discuss Tommy's report and decide on the best home.



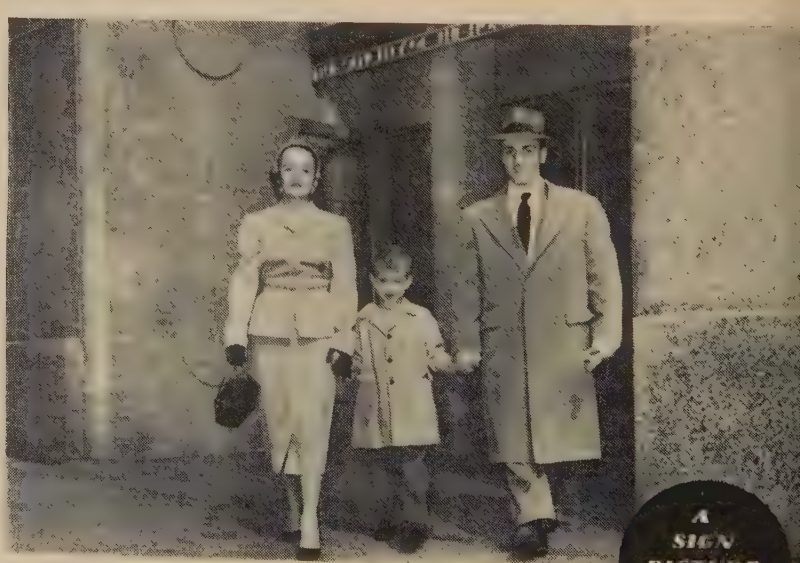
8. At home with new parents. The case worker visits to offer any assistance that might be necessary both to Tommy and his parents.

6. Tommy walks with case worker, unaware that prospective parents are observing him.

9. Before the papers are signed, the case is discussed by Rev. G. Howard Moore, Director, and Miss Helen Hallinan, Supervisor.



7. Big moment—Tommy meets his foster parents. His shyness quickly wore off.



10. The happy trio leaves court. The one-year waiting period is over, final papers are signed.

A SIGN PICTURE ARTICLE

ew from North Africa
ght us how to
to God through Christ.
name, Simon. His
gram: Carry your share
the Master's cross

"Bearing the cross . . . .
He went forth" (John 19:17)

Wood engraving by Bruno Bramanti

The Carrying of the Cross

UR meditations on the Passion draw near to the climax of the suffer- of Christ when, at this eleventh , we recall the Carrying of the s. In the beautifully illustrated ieval Hour Books, the Carrying of Cross is usually portrayed as a tri- hal march for Christ. And so it is. s Christ is truly the victor, and y hour sees His victory over sin and devil. Although the miniaturists of Middle Ages represented the peo- along the way of the cross with a ence of expression and gesture, they lized Christ. Like modern counter- s of the Beuronese school, their st walks erect and aloof from the ting of His enemies. It is the last e of His long-awaited Passion.

he eleventh hour gives a specific iotation to us moderns of a kind of derful opportunity, a last-minute ess story. A time of jubilant relief is eleventh hour when, at the last ute, hopes are revived, confidence estored, and ultimate victory is as- d.

nd such was the hour when Christ n the carrying of the cross. It was wonderful opportunity. In this hour e the hopes of the men of all times ved. In this dread hour was their idence in the mercy of God ex- ded beyond understanding.

he cross is the focal point of his- . It is the only thing in which we Christians ought to glory, according to St. Paul, and it is the price of our salvation. The cross overshadowed the life of Christ and it overshadows the life of every Christian. "If any one wishes to come after Me, let him . . . take up his cross and follow Me." (Matt. 16:24)

Pilate had three times declared Jesus innocent; now he orders Him to be crucified. Our Divine Lord has longed for this moment. "I have a baptism with which I am to be baptized, and how I am straitened until it be accomplished." (Luke 12:50) The Jews too have waited for this moment, for they said: "It is expedient that one man should die, rather than the whole nation perish." (John 11:50)

It was ordained by Roman Law that the condemned carry his own cross. Christ was to be no exception to the law.

Our Blessed Lord is again clothed in His own garments. This is done that the people may recognize Him. With a wicked cunning, the crown of thorns is deliberately left on the head of Christ. The procession to the place of execution is begun. First go the soldiers, who break a way in the narrow streets crowded with the noonday throngs. Then comes a herald announcing the crimes of the condemned. After follow the thieves and the rest of the guards. Our Blessed Lord is the central figure of this motley group. He is indeed a pitiful spectacle. How rough and painful is this journey for Him! Jesus has been without food or drink since the Last Supper. His shoulders and back are so torn and wounded by the scourging that even the weight of His clothes is an agony, yet now He bears the full weight of the heavy wood of the cross. As if this were not enough. Christ is goaded on by His executioners and jostled and mocked by the crowd. His every movement is a shock of pain, and his blood-stained footprints mark out the way to Calvary forever.

What are the interior thoughts in Christ's Sacred Heart as He is led as a Lamb to the slaughter? He looks about Him at the milling crowd. These are the very ones who four days ago strewed palms in His way and cried out: "Blessed is He that cometh . . . Hosanna." (Matt. 21:9). Now they curse Him. Here He sees one to whom He restored the gift of speech, and that man is calling out for His precious Blood. Again He sees one to whom He gave sight, but a cruel, pitiless hate gleams in those eyes cured by a loving glance of the Saviour.

Jesus Christ is broken in body and in heart. He looks toward Calvary. His strength is exhausted. He falls! The sacred face of Christ is buried in the

by JUDE MEAD, C. P.

dust of the street. Jesus rises under a rain of blows and kicks, only to struggle till He falls again. While the Stations of the Cross honor only three falls, these represent many other falls brought about by the exhausted condition of Our Saviour.

The enemies of Christ are getting anxious. What if He should die before He reaches Calvary? Word is sent to the centurion that he should get someone to help Jesus and save their criminal for death on the cross. When it becomes known that the soldiers are looking for a helper to bear the cross, the crowd shies away. No Roman would carry the cross; it was the vilest form of execution. No Roman citizen could be executed on a cross, so why should they help another? No Jew would touch the cross, for it was written plainly in the law, "Cursed is he that hangeth upon the tree." (Deut. 21:23)

NO one to be had? The eyes of Christ search the faces of the crowd. A Hebrew from Cyrene is seen by the soldiers. He is stopped and ordered to help with the cross. He has no choice. Who can resist the Roman empire? Better to walk in disgrace in a strange city than suffer a worse fate for resistance. Simon begrudgingly takes up the cross of Christ, and both head for Calvary. He finds his disgrace is in reality a grace. Christ and Simon bear the cross as beasts bear the yoke. It is not long until Simon realizes that the yoke of Christ is sweet and His burden is light.

We have here a great mystery. We know that Our Divine Lord was God. He could have had angels bear His cross for Him. He could have relieved Himself of this burden by His own miraculous powers. But He deliberately allowed Himself to suffer the cross so keenly that He almost expired. He wanted someone to help him. When all bystanders refused, He gave this grace to a stranger. Why did Christ let a man help? Because He wanted to teach us all a lesson. What is the lesson? Christ shared His cross with a man and gave that man the grace to suffer gladly and the greater grace to save his soul, to show us the necessity of salvation through the cross.

This is a most vital and important lesson: that the cross by which we are redeemed is to be borne, not by Christ alone, but by every one of His followers. All of Divine Revelation clearly teaches us that God will not save us without our co-operation. If we are then to co-operate in our salvation, if we are to save our immortal souls, we must use the same means God has chosen to effect our redemption, namely, the cross.

How, then, are we to save ourselves by the cross? St. Augustine gives us an excellent example. He tells us that three men carried crosses to Calvary and three men died on their crosses that fateful day.

Christ carried His cross and died upon it with perfect resignation to the will of His Heavenly Father—and so the cross of Christ became the redemption of the world.

One thief carried his cross and died thereon in a spirit of humility and tience. He confessed his sins and knowledged the justice of his puni ment. The cross became for him the t of Life, for he had the happiness hearing Christ Himself tell him: "T day thou shalt be with Me in Paradis (Luke 22:43) For this one, his cr next to the cross of Christ was the lad by which he stole into heaven. T other thief struggled against the cr He did not turn to the suffering Chr but in his own suffering added to sorrows of Christ Crucified by blasphe ing and reviling his Saviour.

These three crosses represent the th classes of men Christ invites to foll after Him in the carrying of His cr The cross of Christ represents the in cent. The cross of the Good Th represents the repentant and shows fo the plentiful redemption of Christ the Cross. The cross of the other th represents the impenitent and un pentant. Here on Calvary, suffering Christ suffered, this last group of m will even then reject the grace a mercy of God. The innocent and the pentant follow after Christ with go will, with patience, with submissi and with joy. They realize that the cr of Christ is their salvation. The impe tent reject this grace. They come ind to the crossroad, but they take wrong turn and their cross becomes them an instrument of damnation.

LOOK on Jesus Christ, the cross-bea See Him who sustains the wo itself, all bruised and broken and ble ing—sustaining the weight of the cr Jesus falls under the cross. It nea overwhelms Him, yet He would part with it for all the comfort in world. He will not give up the cr for it is His glory. However, He share it. He will let all men suffer w Him. By the wood of the cross He free these from their sins.

Look upon Christ as He bears cross. Did any have crosses as heavy His? Did ever things look so black dismal as they looked to Christ on journey? Yet He kept carrying the cr It is the Royal Road to victory o sin, the devil, and death.

True Christians should patiently ca the cross with Christ, and never for that all sorrow is a share in His cr Remember that He is always present help. Bear the cross for Christ. In way, you will find your whole life easier and happier and the reward Heaven will be yours:

"For if any man will come after M cries our Blessed Lord, "Let him d himself, take up his cross daily, follow Me." (Luke 9:23)

"And I, if I be lifted up, will d all things to myself." (John 12:32)

CONSUMMATION

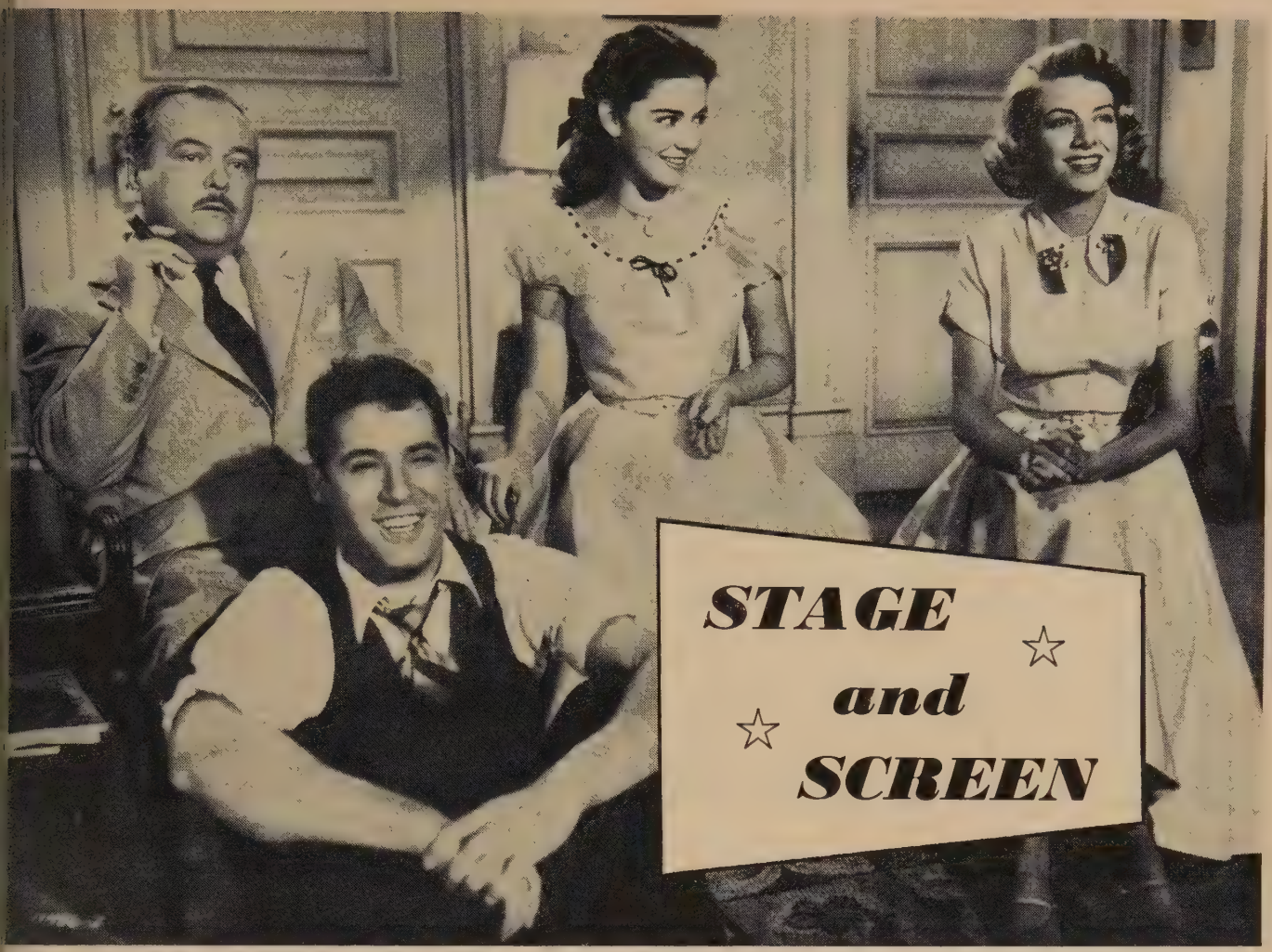
by KATHRYN CRONIN

In Magdala a child with hungry eyes
Sought stealthily a blossom for her hair
When vanity would rather flaunt than wear
Her Oriental beauty queenly wise.

Though Tullus bound her locks with clasps gold-blown
Or Herod braved his tetrarchess to buy
Great sapphires from Cyrene, still swift her sigh
For radiance enhancing to her own.

Upon the parched, the reeking hill of Hell
The search of Magdalen was more than done:
She seized the matchless jewel blazing there
And, finding Love, in perfect love she fell.

It was the blood of the Impaléd One
That rubied in her grief-disheveled hair.



Anna Marie Alberghetti, Rosemary Clooney, and two friends watch TV in "The Stars Are Singing"

by JERRY COTTER

Reviews in Brief

When its voice is raised in song, **THE STARS ARE SINGING** is sheer delight, for it features Anna Marie Alberghetti, Rosemary Clooney, and Lauritz Melchior. Storywise, the production presents a nimble recounting of a young Polish girl's attempt to evade the immigration authorities and remain here. A trio of aspiring performers gives her shelter in a Greenwich Village apartment while they plan an easy route to fame on the echoes of her beautiful voice. Miss Alberghetti exhibits a refreshingly natural personality as name for her vocal accomplishments. Melchior plays a fallen opera star in robust manner to match his magnificent baritone. Miss Clooney's debut reveals her as a likely prospect for stardom. She has charm and poise, plus a proven ability to sell a popular song. There are some chinks in the armor, notably in the humor department, but the exuberance and vocal skill of the stars make this an enjoyable variation of the Technicolor musical pattern. (Paramount)

Walt Disney's imaginative interpretation of James M. Barrie's **PETER PAN** results in a feature cartoon of "Snow White" stature. The rollicking adventure-fantasy is ideally suited to animation technique, and in this instance the treatment is expert enough to endear it to the youngsters and impress the adults at the same time. Barrie's magic isle, where Peter, Wendy, and Tinker Bell find wonderful adventure, offers a colorful location to mix comedy with adventure and pathos with whimsey. A lilting musical score and intelligent voice casting help create a truly fascinating escape to never-never land. (Disney-RKO-Radio)

Bette Davis returns to the type of characterization that won her fame in the taut and vivid melodrama, **THE STAR.** An analysis of a fading movie comet who cannot face the unalterable fact of a lost career and an unglamorous future, this is perhaps the most forceful portrait of a screen luminary we have had since *Sunset Boulevard.* It is eminently better suited to the Davis talents than the tawdry revue in which she now labors so unattractively on Broadway. In its acceptance of divorce, the film is guilty of a familiar movie error, one not calculated to earn for it a Catholic audience. (20th Century-Fox)

THE NAKED SPUR is a raw and brutal melodrama concerned with the violence which results from greed. Acted with stunning impact, the picture moves through the awesome Colorado Rockies in rugged style. Briefly, it tells how James Stewart captures outlaw Robert Ryan in hope of securing a reward. He is joined by an old prospector and a young Union Army deserter who cut themselves in on the prospective payoff. As they make the trek over the mountains, the captive pits each of the men against the other, until the inevitable clash occurs. Though occasionally overstressing brutality, this is a powerful drama, with

Millard Mitchell, Janet Leigh, and Ralph Meeker sharing the honors. The Technicolor camera has captured some rare Colorado views ranking with the best we've yet seen on the screen. For adults only. (M-G-M)

Tyrone Power is almost overwhelmed by the clichés in **THE MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER,** a story of pre-Civil War days that never quite lives up to its promise. Cast as a river gambler who becomes entangled in some historical-novel complications, Power gives a routine interpretation of a solo-dimensioned character. Dewey-eyed damsels in distress, the usual number of villainous no-accounts, and some lush Technicolor locales are included. Definite debits are the script handling of marriage and dueling. One is supported, and the other isn't —in the wrong order. Piper Laurie, Julia Adams, John McIntire, and Ron Randell are mildly efficient supporting players. (Universal-International)

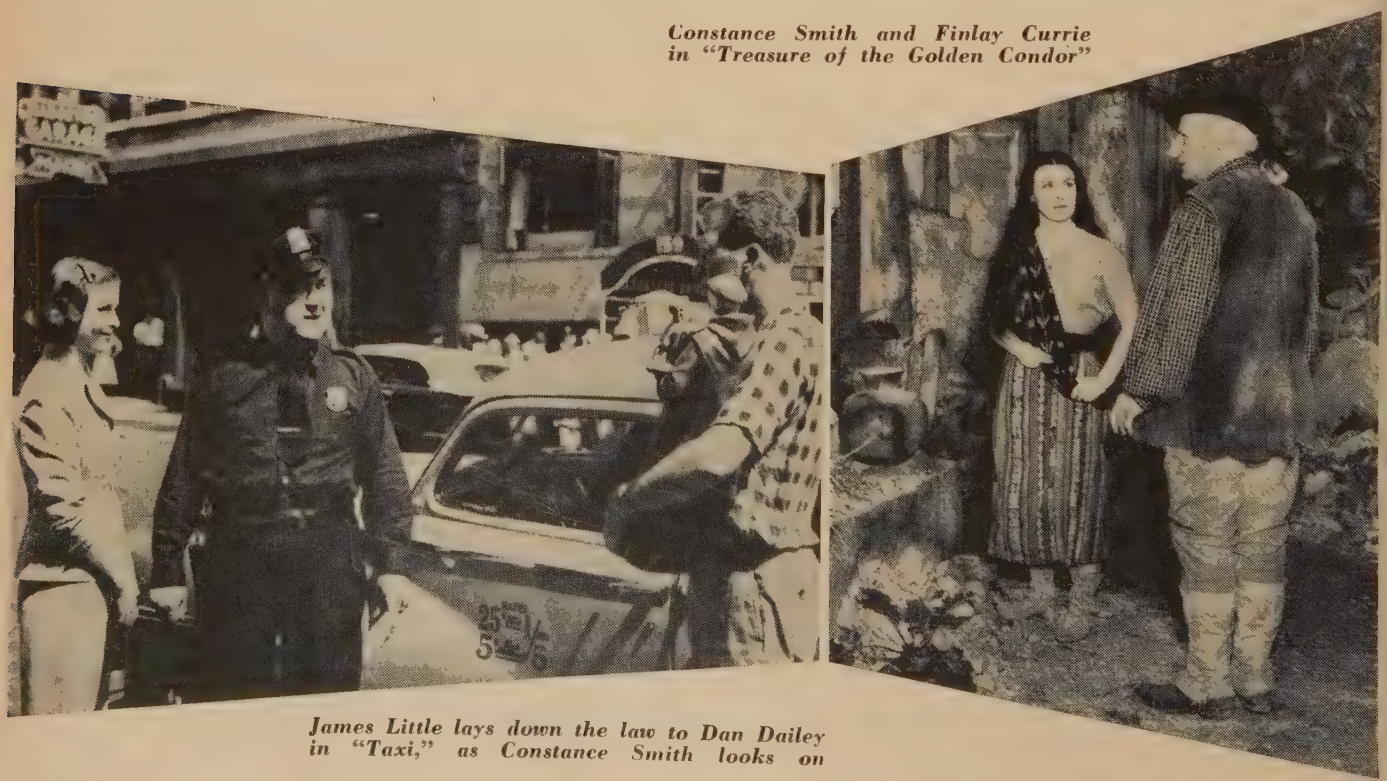
If you accept the premise that Communism and Catholicism are equal opponents in the war for men's souls and welfare, **THE LITTLE WORLD OF DON CAMILLO** is indeed droll and humorous. A spirited, often slapstick, rivalry between the local priest and the Red mayor of a Po Valley village is more of a personal feud than a conflict between good and evil, or truth and falsehood. There are moments when the humor is infectious, others when it descends to broad burlesque. French comic Fernandel plays the priest with vigor, if not validity, while Italy's Gino Cervi is the Communist official who had been Don Camillo's wartime comrade. The mood is jovial and the polemicists tumultuous in this frivolous approach which is occasionally at variance with Catholic doctrine. (IFE)

A sprightly, heart-warming, and humorous bit of make-believe, **TAXI** is the sort of unpretentious comedy the entire family will respond to and appreciate. It was filmed in New York, and the background scenes form a tour of the city as cab driver Dan Dailey takes colleen Constance Smith on a search for a lost husband. She has just arrived from Ireland seeking the American writer who had deserted her after a week of marriage. Her own efforts failing, she enlists the aid of St. Anthony in her quest—with the anticipated result. A sentimental excursion in which the accent is on incident and chuckles, this is an improbable but entertaining bit of blarney. Dailey and Miss Smith give it extra appeal, and they get a fine assist from Blanche Yurka, Mark Roberts, Neva Patterson, and Kyle MacDonnell. (20th Century-Fox)

JEOPARDY is brim packed with hair-raising suspense and acted with mounting tension by four expert players. A married couple and their young son vacationing on a deserted Mexican beach face tragedy when a heavy piling from a rotten jetty pins the father to the sand. Leaving the boy with him, Barbara Stanwyck races off in the family car for aid, knowing that the incoming tide will cover her husband within four hours. Instead of assistance, she comes upon an escaping convict who takes over the car and holds her prisoner. The remainder of the story deals with her anguished attempts to escape and save her husband. Grim and suspenseful, the film regrettably tends to condone illicit actions. It is certainly not for the children, nor for nervous adults. Miss Stanwyck is splendid, as are Barry Sullivan, in the role of the helpless victim, Ralph Meeker as the callous convict, and Lee Aaker, who makes the frightened youngster believable. (M-G-M)

The swashbuckling adventurer of storybook and legend is back in **TREASURE OF THE GOLDEN CONDOR,** an unusual Technicolor melodrama filmed in Guatemala. Cornel Wilde is a dashing young Frenchman of the high-adventure era, who goes to Central America in search of a fabulous Mayan treasure. Highspot of the derring-do is a scene in which a boa constrictor thwarts the attempts of the treasure hunters to leave a Mayan temple as the first rumblings of an earthquake begin. Photographically excellent, this is an entertaining family feature, with Constance Smith, Finlay Currie, Walter Hampden, Fay Wray, and Leo G. Carroll in the efficient supporting company. (20th Century-Fox)

Constance Smith and Finlay Currie in "Treasure of the Golden Condor"



James Little lays down the law to Dan Dailey in "Taxi," as Constance Smith looks on

L TEXAN is an offbeat Western theme that bears little iblance to the hit-and-run horse operas which glut the n's movie screens. An astringent plot, in which the ıry emphasis is on character and incident rather than ss action, the story it tells is grim without being sordid deliberate without ever flagging. A ragged group of nen and a woman, survivors of an Indian raid on a coach, are led to a gold lode by an Indian lad they . They set about panning the precious ore, feverishly, ıly, and jealously. Slowly, their own greed closes in ıem, leading to a clash with a local Indian tribe and, ıately, the destruction of their plan. Directed with a deft approach by Elmo Williams, who edited *High* , and acted with commendable intensity by Lloyd ges, Marie Windsor, Luther Adler, and Lee Cobb, this pioneer vignette most adults will find provocative and ssing. (Lippert)

The New Plays

tees of the figure-8 spectacle will be well pleased with the s and pirouettes in the **HOLLYWOOD ICE REVUE,** hich the now familiar frozen hijinks are graced with resence of Canada's Barbara Ann Scott. She handles ifficult business of dancing on ice with considerable skill, jinsky style, and pleasant manner, though she hardly oaches the vividness of Sonja Henie in her prime. die Trenkler, Michael Kirby, Carol Lynne, Andra Mc-hlin, Skippy Baxter, and the Four Bruises twist, twirl, leap like the steel-blade veterans they are. Glittering uction and ingenious choreography give it added luster.

Palmer and Rex Harrison have a tandem *tour de force* **HE LOVE OF FOUR COLONELS,** a satirical fantasy en for them by Peter Ustinov, who played Nero in the t movie version of *Quo Vadis.* He writes with a flourish arable to the flamboyance he bestows on his own cterizations. For the most part, that is all to the good. two-act charade is often a bit heavy for comfort, and excellent spoofing by the players carries it through to r success. Ustinov is at his best in a satirical delineation e four Allied Powers operating in conquered Germany. draws them in clear, concise, and very witty lines. Then ransports them to a fabulous castle where Sleeping ty (Germany) waits to be roused. There his play falls t, and there the artistry of the stars proves invaluable. colonels attempt to win the love of Sleeping Beauty, each fails. No conclusion is reached, and the play is ly profound enough to surmount its inherent in-quacies.

en Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood col-rated on **THE BAT** back in 1920, they didn't intend to e a mystery classic, but that is what their frenzied spine-ler has become. It has set a pattern and a pace for a sand carbons in the decades between. Nineteen hundred -three finds it hale, hearty, and funny in a revival which s heavily on the talents of Zasu Pitts and Lucile Watson. kering lights, screams in the night, a hidden fortune, the l array of suspicious characters, and the flutterings of s Zasu are cleverly juggled in a performance that could burlesque of every mystery you've seen or read. That it ds up so well at the age of thirty-two is a reminder that d simplicity and basic humor still spell good entertain-t. Today's playwrights might well put that into practice.

THE CRUCIBLE, Arthur Miller is intent on underscor-what he feels is a striking parallel between the Salem hcraft trials and the modern political scene. With a ful, and often very impressive, dramatic style, he re-creates the Puritan perversion of justice that has long been a blight on our history's pages. While making no obvious attempt to tie it in with investigations which today's extreme left supporters are referring to as "modern witch-craft trials," the implications leave no doubt of the author's intent. Judged apart from its appeal to political discussion, the drama is a substantial piece of stagecraft, though not a powerful play. It is often overly shrill in trying to prove a point, and so intent on making an issue stand out that it skims over the deeper human tragedy in which the accuser and accused are involved. The playing is superb, with Arthur Kennedy, as the angry husband of an accused witch, Beatrice Straight, as the innocent victim, and Walter Hampden, as the deputy-governor, making their roles outstanding. The atmosphere is charged with the fire of righteous indignation in this re-staging of a fantastic nightmare.

MID-SUMMER is a placid, at times plodding, comedy by Vina Delmar which introduces Geraldine Page, a new star of tremendous, untapped possibilities. Her performance is so astounding that you almost overlook the fact that the play is hardly worth the effort. Set in the sleazy atmosphere of a theatrical hotel in the 1907 era, it alternately blazes and simmers in depicting a desperate conflict between a young husband and wife. He is a rural teacher turned vaudevillian, dazzled by prospects of footlight fame and all it implies. She is quiet, shy, and dreaming of a return to the life she loved, sheltered by a white cottage in the shade of an apple tree. Their precocious nine-year-old daughter spouts Emerson and Ingersoll as if they were nursery rhymes. The problem resolves without any pyrotechnics other than those contributed by Miss Page, who sets the stage alight with a beautifully modulated portrayal. Mark Stevens is only a shade less outstanding as the young teacher in search of excitement, Ben Hecht's daughter, Jenny, acts as a prodigy should, and Vicki Cummings plays a brittle blonde in the accepted fashion. A mild play, but a great performance.

Marie Windsor and Lloyd Bridges in "Tall Texan"

A boy's future happiness was at stake. And the woman could only pray that the time for truth had not been too long postponed

First Son

by **DOROTHY TOOKER**

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK KALAN

THERE was a glad little song on the woman's lips as she walked into the house, but it stopped abruptly when she saw the boy, tall and agile, the high school letter bright and new on his jacket. He had hastily put down a suitcase—behind him as if to prevent her seeing it.

"Hello, Tim," she said, easing a bag of groceries from her arms onto the hall table.

"Oh, hello!" Then with elaborate carelessness, "Thought you weren't coming home early—were going to a writers' meeting, or something."

"I was." The woman pulled off her gloves and tossed them beside the brown paper bag, jarring it so that an orange rolled to the floor. "But Daddy said last night that it was a long time since I had made him a real Irish stew. So here I am to get the stew on."

The boy picked up the orange, but ignored her outstretched hand. He placed it on the table, then stood motionless.

"Everything O.K. at school today?" It was a casual question as she started with the groceries to the kitchen.

"Yes! And if it weren't, I wouldn't tell you!"

Again the woman put the bag down. The stricken look in the boy's eyes, his belligerence, could no longer be ignored. She spoke softly without stepping nearer. "What's the matter, Tim?"

"I won't tell you!" the boy snapped back. "I won't tell anybody here—after the way I've been lied to! What's more, I'm leaving!"

"Running away never solved a problem yet. Let's talk it over, son."

The boy had turned toward the suitcase, but at the last word he whirled. "Don't you *dare* call me 'son'! You're not my mother!"

The woman winced. "Come into the library." Although her voice was still low, it had a steely quality that would be obeyed.

The boy started, but halfway there he faltered. This was not in character with his new self-assertion, yet he did not know how to turn back. With a toss of his head, he strode past her into the softly lighted room.

She sat on the end of the deep couch, pulled a cushion behind her. "Now, Tim, tell me what this is all about." It was not a command, nor yet a request—something between.

"I'm old enough to do what I want, and when a man's grown up he doesn't have to ask other people what to do."

"No, but intelligent men sometimes ask advice."

"But I don't want advice, I tell you! I've listened to this, this stuff, long enough. I know what you and Daddy always advise even before you advise it, and I want my own life!" His voice was tense to the breaking point. "You can't *make* me stay here!"

"No, if you don't want to stay, neither of us would force you to. But where have we failed you, Tim?"

Behind the quiet question lay panic, panic she dare not reveal. If only the boy's father were here! She must not let him go!

There was a clatter in the hall, and the sound of gay, child voices. "Mother! Mother!" It was a happy call.

But the woman did not even turn her head. "Please," she said, "tell the boys not to bother us for a few minutes. And, Tim, lock the door."

As the boy stepped into the hall she bowed her head on her hand. "Dear Lord," she murmured, "help me—help me."

She looked across the book-lined room to the big, double desk with the picture of them—all of them—taken only a few months ago. She remembered sitting on her side of the desk a watching as her husband put the phot graph in the middle, under the carve medieval crucifix, where both of the could see it as they worked. She h reached for his hand, leaned her che against it saying, "Timmy, I wou never have believed it would all co true, that I would have you and seven boys. Nobody ever believed when I said I wanted seven."

Timmy had smiled contentedly. did," was all he said.

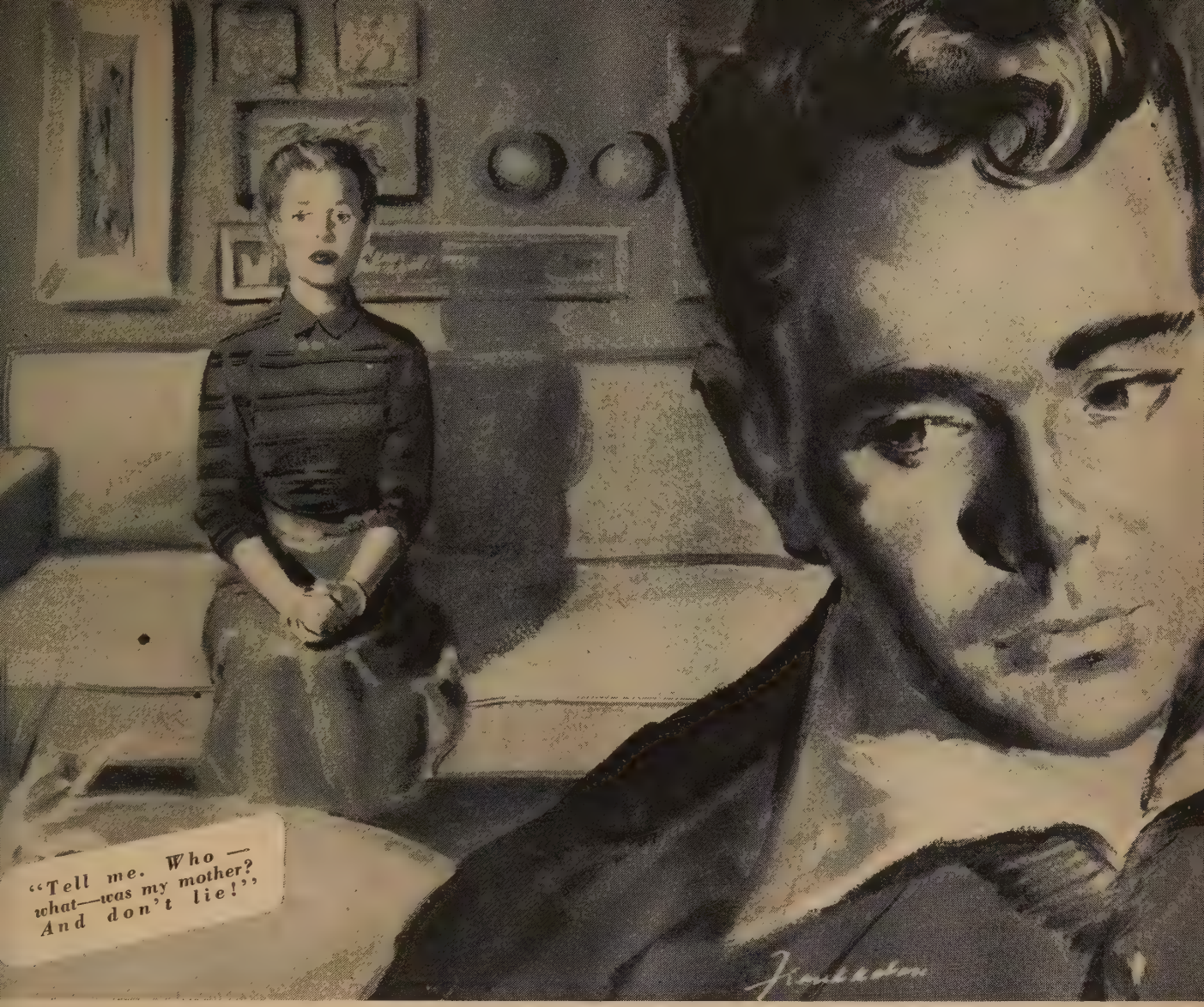
So there they were, clustered arou her and Timmy, from grown-up T to Michael who refused to sit on a one's lap now that he was a man first grade. They had liked that pictu and Tim had kidded her, "No Mother, if only you were a man, w have a fine baseball team!"

So happy and united, and now— .

TIM came back, propped his elb on the mantelpiece. He did speak, and the woman, feeling the t sion mount, knew it was up to h With a silent prayer she asked, "W are you leaving us?"

"Because I don't belong. I'm the o one that's not really in the fami Because I'm just sick of your pious ta and Daddy's! I'm fed up with y putting me off about Julie, and I— marry her now!"

Something where the woman's sto ach should have been was in a tig



d knot, and she rearranged her nds in her lap so that the whiteness clenched knuckles would not betray . "I see," she commented. "Of course were the family before I was. It's nge you should say *you* don't be- g."

Through downcast eyelashes she ed the boy's quick look, and she nt on, feeling her way. "I remember the day I married your Daddy, you ed if now you had to call me other.' Daddy started to say 'Yes,' I knew you could still remember r own mother, and I told you not call me that until you really wanted

The boy was silent, but she knew that remembered.

Then one day you ran in from out- shouting 'Mother!'—just as the boys now—and you grabbed a new play- te by the arm and pointed to me said, 'That's *my* mother!' "

he stopped because the memory of sudden joyous stab was too poig- nt across the years. She had treasured that name Mother more from Tim than from all the others. They were born to it; she had earned it from Tim. And she remembered the silent kiss crushed against her hair the first time her husband heard little Tim call her by that name.

THE boy glanced nervously out at the winter twilight, then bent in front of the fireplace and the scratch of the match before he touched the kindling was loud, like a throat cleared in church. The tinder caught, and the tension between them flared as the flames licked up and charred the bark on the logs. Why, the woman wondered, why couldn't she think of anything to say? In all the stories she had written alone or with her husband, dialogue was the easiest part. Her characters had a knack of saying the right thing. Now her glance sought the shelf close under the crucifix, the one reserved for the books she and Timmy had authored, as if to gain inspiration. She tried to pray. She had to say something soon.

"Tell me. Who—what—was my mother? And don't lie!"

Startled, the woman stared at the boy. She hoped he had not seen her blanch at his unexpected question. So that was it! Her heart pumped fast, and blood went humming through her ears. From all the hours that had put callouses on her knees, was there not one prayer for wisdom left over for this moment?

"What do you want to know? And why do you ask?" She had not intended to ask that second question.

"Because Paul's aunt from Colorado is here and she told his mother . . . I heard her myself when we went to his house after school! She said she, my own mother, deserted Daddy and it nearly killed him. And she took me away, and ran away with a man, and married someone else, and was a . . ."

The woman tried vainly to interrupt.

"You've got to tell me! If it's true I'll go away forever. No wonder she said how could you ever love me. And they caught her in a hotel with a . . ."

"Timothy! Stop it!"

The harshness of the command halted his words abruptly. Across the years the woman could hear her husband's voice saying, "Tim must never know about Shirley; it would ruin him," and her own, protesting that knowledge of the truth would be its own protection. But Timmy had had his way, and now . . .

"I never knew your mother, Tim," she said slowly, her mind racing. Once again she remembered Timmy shrinking from the rotogravure social page showing the voluptuous Shirley in a bathing suit or strapless evening gown, always the pinnacle of fashion—plus; always with that derisive, downward-curving smile. In that instant she realized, aghast, why she distrusted Tim's girl friend.

"Your Daddy," she went on, "was all alone when I met him. Your mother had gone away with you, but you were all he talked about. It was always, 'My boy, Tim.'"

"Then it's true! All that Paul's aunt said is true!"

"She completely disappeared, Tim. Later she was separated from Daddy in a divorce mill, when he was just starting to write and didn't have money to cross half the continent to contest it."

"Whenever I've talked to Daddy he always said she was a good woman, and to pray for her." The appeal of a question was in his flat statement.

"She *was* good," the woman picked up the cue. "She was good, Tim, when Daddy married her. During the war things went wrong—I don't think even he ever figured it all out—and before he had been back home from service overseas six months, she ran away, taking you with her."

THE boy's fists clenched. "Being parted from you was the worst, once he understood the situation. You were never out of his thoughts—he always directed his writing, his life, to you—even after he knew it was useless to try and get your mother to have anything more to do with him." She shrank, recalling those months that had left their permanent tracery on the face and heart of the man she loved. "All his plans were for a future when he could somehow have you."

"Why didn't you hook him? You weren't a Catholic then." The boy's own hurt, reflected in bitter words, cut deep.

"I believed in the sanctity of marriage." She said it very low, and the boy moved uneasily. His eyes avoided her, flicked back to the fire. "Later, I knew I had been right and that all we *could* do was wait." She bit back the impulse to add "hope and pray."

"You pointed to me and said, "That's my mother"

"And all that time my mother was running around . . ."

"We never knew for sure, Tim. Nothing was ever proved—and we tried to ignore gossip." She sought to blink from her mind's eye the tabloids' sordid fourth-page features, the headlines screaming from the newsstands at the end. "'Judge not lest ye be judged.' From the bottom of my heart I pity her, and pray for her."

"But when she was killed—what about that?"

"All I know is that Daddy took the first plane and brought you home to me. Luckily you remembered and loved him—and you know the rest."

Eyes narrowed, he stared calculatingly. Then the question snapped like the burning pine in the grate. "Was my mother murdered?"

In spite of the fire the woman turned cold. "Did Paul's aunt say that?" she gasped. Then, soberly meeting the boy's eyes, "No, Tim, I swear that is not true. It was an automobile wreck on a slippery night. Drinking—I don't know. But it was all open and above-board—Daddy found out that much. He was so upset that I never asked for details. He just told me the important things."

Tim shifted his weight from one foot to the other, then back. "But there's some truth to all those stories. There got to be. I can't stay here any long What'll people say?" He jabbed t fire with the poker. "If I go away y won't have to worry about Julie a me. You and Daddy are just trying keep us apart!"

"You know as well as I do that you just overwhelmed with Julie's glamou All Daddy and I are trying to do keep you from being hurt. Tim, we trying to save you from what Dad went through!"

There! She hadn't meant to say but it was out. And in that instant s knew she had scored.

"But it's so hard to wait!" It was t cry of a confused child. "Until we surer—or older—when I love her much! You've no idea! And you wa us to keep it all straight."

THE woman wiped the moisture fro her forehead, even as she had wipe Timmy's tears that first Christmas wit out little Tim. "God knows I unde stand!"

The fervor of her exclamation startl the boy. She talked past him into t flames as if willing that they consu her words. "Daddy and I endur three years of loving and suffering a doubting whether we could ever ha each other and you. Even now I do like to think of the agony. Yes, Ti I know what it is to want someone wi everything in you!" Scarcely above whisper, her words were clear and d tinct. "And to do exactly what we a asking of you—through the grace of G and the love of each other—and of little son we could not wrong."

Bracing herself for the next questio the woman was unprepared for its wi ful longing.

"Then you really do love me, spite of—of her—of everything? Ev with your own kids?"

Instantly she was standing with h hands on his shoulders. "Tim, for ea of my other boys I planned and wait only nine months. Compared with t suffering of the three years I waited f you, it was nothing. Of course I lo you!"

She hugged him hard, offering sile thanksgiving. Then all at once she w aware of a suspicious heaving of t broad young chest under her cheek. T boy mustn't cry—not now. Quickly b gently she pulled away.

"I've got to get supper, and it's t late for the stew," she said briskly, u locking the door. From the hall s called back, "Be sure to get that su case unpacked before Daddy com home."

There was a pause, the sound of violently blown nose, then—"Y Mother!"

THE Sign POST

by ALOYSIUS McDONOUGH, C.P.

rassment

wrong for a retreatant to give more than the custom-
en dollars or fifteen dollars for a week-end retreat?
claim it would embarrass those who cannot give more.
M., BURLINGTON, VT.

the reimbursement for a week-end retreat is given
nonymously or, at least, in such a way that one does
w what his next door neighbor has contributed. Were
lute uniformity to be insisted upon, all would have
orm to the "widow's mite," a procedure that would
ıcially disastrous. If you contribute "over and above,"
ıelp counterbalance an otherwise deficient budget.

est?

right for an employer to hire his employees from an
y where a person has to pay as high as seventy-five
rs for a position? Isn't that a very grievous sin?—
., ST. LOUIS, MO.

cessarily. We cannot give a "blanket" reply to this
actical inquiry. Some employment agencies exact,
bly, a salary percentage of 5 per cent, others 10 per
The reasonableness of the fee depends upon the
uaranteed to the employee, coupled with the amount
over which the payment of the fee may be spread.

l Snarl

tholic man and an unbaptized, divorced woman were
ed by a Justice of the Peace. Their two children
eing reared as Catholics. Both father and mother
d church regularly. The mother wants to become a
olic: her former husband was a baptized Protestant,
om she was married by a preacher. Can she become
holic? Can she be remarried before a priest?—L. K.,
ON, PA.

es pertinent to marriage cases come to our desk by
dreds. We cannot reply in a tone of finality—not be-
f a reluctance to come to grips with a problem—but
all such cases have to be referred to the matrimonial
of the diocese to which the married parties belong.
many such cases have to be submitted by the dio-
the authorities at Rome. Nine times out of ten, we
a very incomplete picture of the problem. Any
such an inquiry would have to be studded with
nd "ands."

ding to the legislation of the Catholic Church, as it
n in force since May 19, 1918, the original marriage
unbaptized Protestant woman to a baptized Protes-
s valid. Hence, she was not free to marry the Catho-
. If the invalidity of the second marriage be not a
us fact, and for the sake of the children of this mar-
t is possible that the mother and father might re-
ceive permission to live together as "brother and sister." Aside from any such concession, it would seem that the woman could and should become a Catholic. Her entry into the Church would not clear the way for an impossible marriage, but if the concession referred to above were granted, and if the parties concerned were honestly disposed to abide by the "brother-sister" arrangement, the woman would be a sincere subject for baptism.

Rosary Indulgences

In these days of special devotion to the Rosary, I would like to know what indulgences are attached to its recitation.—L. S., TOLEDO, O.

At the conclusion of missions and retreats, it is customary to bless chaplets of the Blessed Virgin Mary in such a way that those who pray the Rosary on beads so blessed may gain extra indulgences. Aside from those special indulgences, the following have been granted by the Holy See to all who recite the Rosary prayers devoutly, with or without beads.

For a third part of the Rosary (five decades), an indulgence of five years; in company with others, publicly or privately, an indulgence of ten years, once a day. Those who recite the Rosary with others, at least three times prior to the last Sunday of the month may, on that Sunday, gain a plenary indulgence under the conditions of confession, Communion, and a visit to a church. They who pray five decades of the Rosary in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, whether publicly exposed or simply reserved in the tabernacle, may gain a plenary indulgence, provided they confess and receive Holy Communion. The faithful who intend to pray the Rosary for fifteen consecutive Saturdays may, under the usual conditions, gain a plenary indulgence on any one of the Saturdays.

Man vs. God

How do we reconcile the free will of men with the omnipotence of God—W. J., BROCKTON, MASS.

Any conflict between the free will of a creature and the perfect omnipotence of his Creator is one-sided and futile. Among creatures, the dominance of any one of them is modified by and is in ratio to the freedom or independence of other creatures. Not so, however, in the case of the Supreme Being who is, without qualifications, almighty.

To begin with, the Creator did not have to bring us into existence. Nor did He have to make us intelligent and free. That He did so is not equivalent to the manufacture of a product beyond His control—of creatures who can successfully thwart Him. We depend upon the Almighty, not only for our continuous existence, and for our human nature with its potentialities for good and evil, but also for every thought and desire we entertain, for every resolve

we choose to make, and for the ability to carry out every resolve.

Sinful men and women decide upon courses of action that are complimentary neither to themselves nor their Creator. But in so doing, they cheat themselves. As for their Creator, they simply cannot defy or thwart Him, for the divine laws of justice are such that, if creatures do not intelligently and freely co-operate with His directives, they incur punishment, and thus exemplify His justice as emphatically as those who merit reward for intelligent and free fidelity.

In creating us, God was fully aware that we could attempt to pit our freedom against His almighty dominance. He has not been, so to speak, taken by surprise. Because we are intelligent and free, we can do either what is right or what is wrong and can, accordingly, deserve credit or incur discredit. Man is free to sin, but not with impunity. If man could freely sin with impunity, God would not be omnipotent. To do what is right is to ally ourselves with Omnipotence in Person. To do what is wrong is to prostitute intelligence and freedom: it is a futile attempt to best One who is all-wise, all-good, and almighty. Such a one-sided, would-be clash is suicidal. Both human freedom and divine omnipotence are facts which need no debate. But the swashbuckling freedom of the sinner can no more be reconciled with His omnipotence than with human intelligence.

By Radio

When the Pope blesses the world at large, what benefit do we gain—if any—at a distance from Rome?—P. K., Boston, Mass.

Distance does not diminish the efficacy of a blessing imparted by the Holy Father, whose jurisdiction is worldwide. Since 1939, the Vicar of Christ has made it possible that those who receive his blessing by radio may gain a plenary indulgence, under the usual conditions of confession, Communion, and prayers for His Holiness.

"Wolves"

Through association with weak and lapsed Catholics, my nephew is beginning to wonder about various phases of our Faith. Today, his main doubt is—what becomes of all the Protestants? They do not believe as we do, nor do they give allegiance to our Pope.—G. N., Chicago, Ill.

We sin more or less gravely, to the extent that we endanger our Faith by association with non-Catholics or with unrepresentative Catholics. In fact, the influence of wobbly Catholics—often unsuspected and subtle—can be more harmful than that of professed non-Catholics. A "pink" American can be more subversive than an out-and-out and easily recognizable "Red." The Saviour of the world was alert to this sort of danger when He warned against "ravening wolves in the clothing of sheep." (Matt. 7:15)

Sincere non-Catholics are not graced with the light to recognize the Roman Catholic Church as the only true Church. However, in their sincerity, they are disposed to respond to and co-operate with God according to their lights. Hence, although unaware of the logical consequence of their good will, they belong to His Church in desire and inclination—effectively, though not formally or fully. By contrast, an insincere, unfaithful Catholic is much more likely to incur eternal banishment from heaven than a Protestant or other non-Catholic who is faithful to his conscience. "The corruption of the best is the worst." A Catholic knows that "outside the Church there is no salvation"; he knows also that his faith must be unquestioning because it is based on the reliability of God revealing and the infallibility of the Church; likewise, that "faith without works is dead." (James 2:20) Your nephew's speculati would be more profitable if directed to his own eternal ture. He will be judged as a Catholic "unto whom mu is given and of whom much shall be required." (Lu 12:48) It should be worthwhile for him to read and sh with others a copy of *The Missing Millions,* a pamph obtainable from Radio Replies Press, St. Paul 1, Minn.

Why So?

Since the Blessed Virgin Mary did not have original on her soul, why did she have to suffer the effects original sin, such as sorrow, lack of knowledge, etc.?—B. Rock Island, Ill.

Mary's Immaculate Conception, whereby she was conceiv without original sin, entitled her to immunity from the co sequences of sin—ignorance, suffering, and death. There no reason to think that the Mother of God lacked a knowledge called for by her vocation. On the contrary, is but congruous to assume that, as an accompaniment her unique abundance of grace, she was endowed with requisite knowledge as well as an unhampered facility acquire that knowledge.

Mary's divine Son need not have submitted to baptis but He did so. From the first moment of His incarnatio Christ was entitled to beatitude of body as well as of so But He left Himself open to psychological as well as phy cal suffering—even death—in order to atone as the "mediat of God and men." Since Mary was not only the mother the world's Saviour but likewise His co-redemptrix, it w fitting that she remain susceptible to suffering and dea thus "being made conformable to His death."

Holy Water

For what purpose is a holy water font placed in a hom Where should it be placed? I've seen it hung in kitche and bedrooms—but always empty.—R. M., Chicago, Ill.

A supply of holy water should be kept in every Catho home for the same reason that it is made available in Cath lic churches—to be used devoutly as a sacramental. Sacrame tals are an important feature of Catholic life and are n to be disdained because less effective and necessary than t sacraments.

A sacramental is any object or action, made sacred the approval and blessing of the Church, and intend somewhat after the manner of the sacraments for the spi ual benefit of the person using it. A sacramental derives efficacy from the official prayers of the Church but the bene accruing to the recipient depends very much upon his ov disposition.

Examples of outstanding sacramentals are blessed ca dles, holy water, blessings given to persons, prayers f fruitful crops. the blessing of church bells, the exorcism evil spirits. Holy water is especially adapted for the p tection of those who use it devoutly, because of the ex cism of evil spirits so emphasized in the blessing of h water. For that reason, holy water should be kept in a co venient place in every Catholic home, particularly on t occasion of serious illness. Usually, a supply is availa for parishioners in the church vestibule.

Divine Grace

I have heard it said that God's grace practically for those who receive it to do what is right. How, then, they really earn or merit the reward of heaven?—F. Athol, Mass.

It is one thing to be "compelled" by an outside force agent, and quite another to be "propelled" or "impelle

For example, if you are in a quandary as to what it is best to do, or if you lack the initiative to start or the gumption to see it through, the advice and encouragement of a friend can mean all the difference between success and failure. Let us assume that his advice and encouragement are so indispensable that, without his help, your failure would be a foregone conclusion. Yet, when it comes down to it, *who* failed or succeeded—you or he? Despite his help, *you* failed, or with his help, *you* succeeded. So it is with divine grace, a supernatural assist from God whereby we are enlightened in mind and energized in heart to accomplish what would otherwise be hopeless. Without that divine help we would be humanly helpless: co-operating with that help, we are enabled to decide rightly and to act accordingly, and to persevere. The influence of God's grace upon the human soul cannot be classified as a case of "forced freedom" except in a very happy sense of the expression. Such is the balanced sense of revealed information on this all-important point—"Without Me, you can do nothing"; "with God, all things are possible."

Blessing Of Home

I wish to have a recently purchased home blessed. How do I go about it? What preparations?—K. N., Woodside, N. Y.

In some countries, it is customary to bless all Catholic homes annually, on the occasion of Epiphany or Holy Saturday. A house, whether new or not, can be blessed at any time. Arrange with your parish priest for a mutually convenient time, either before you move in or afterward. Have holy water on hand.

Again!

A friend claims that the Duke of Marlborough-Consuela Vanderbilt divorce was granted by Rome because they had the money to buy it. I say: Not so. Whoever is wrong will make a donation to Catholic charities.—F. F., Fort Lee, N. J.

It does seem as though marriage cases such as that of Marlborough-Vanderbilt, Marconi-O'Brien, and of other prominent people will be rattled till doomsday, like the proverbial alleged skeletons in the closet. Insinuations and outright charges against the honesty of Rome's matrimonial board—known as the Sacred Roman Rota—are so timeworn and threadbare that we would decline to discuss the issue again were it not for the wager that will benefit Catholic charities.

The two parties in question were married as Protestants in 1895. In 1905, they separated and in 1920 they were divorced civilly. Within a few years, both parties had remarried. In 1925, the case was brought before the Catholic diocesan court at Southwark, England. That court handed down the decision that the original marriage had been invalid, null, and void. For safety's sake, the case was taken over by the authorities at Rome, where it pended for six months. On the basis of incontrovertible evidence, the decision of the Southwark court was upheld. A sample of the evidence is the admission of the girl's mother: "I forced my daughter to marry the Duke. . . ." The decision of Rome was not a divorce—it was a declaration of nullity, a finding to the effect that the original, supposed marriage had been no real marriage at all. A divorce is a gesture on the part of the civil authority to erase an indelible bond of genuine marriage.

Although both parties to this matrimonial litigation were wealthy, and although the case hung fire in England for three months and involved the services of three judges as well as other officials, the expense was forty dollars. In Rome, the retrial ran for six months. The sifting of notarized testimony from this country and England entailed an additional expense of two hundred dollars. What a bribe!

It is a point of Church law that in any such case the litigants need not shoulder the expense unless it be reasonably possible. The following statistics for the decade of years embracing the Marlborough-Vanderbilt case are typical: From 1920—30, 120 marriage cases were heard at Rome. In only 69 cases were the expenses covered by the parties involved. In 9 cases, the fee exacted was merely nominal. In 39 instances the fee was waived altogether. Favorable decisions were made in 66 per cent of the cases paid for, and in 89 per cent of the cases handled gratis.

Catholic Action

Please explain the Catholic Action movement. How can I become a part of it?—M. K., St. Louis, Mo.

The simplest and most accurate definition of Catholic Action is found in the words of Pius XI: "The participation of the Catholic laity in the apostolate of the hierarchy." Catholic Action is, then, an up-to-date endeavor to bring as many souls as can be, and as much as can be, under the teaching, ruling, and sanctifying influence of Christ, bequeathed to His apostles and to their successors, and thus to help "reestablish all things in Christ." (Eph.: 1:10)

This co-operative movement of bishops, priests, and laity is not something newfangled, for its basis is the Mystical Body of Christ. Our Divine Saviour is so intimately united to all His faithful that, together with us, He forms a union or body of which He is the Head and we the members. The members of this spiritual union, or Mystical Body, derive their supernatural vitality from the grace of Christ. "Of His fullness we all have received." (John 1:16) It is but the normal ambition of members of His Mystical Body to better their own health of soul and that of other souls with whom they are so uniquely knit. Such is the over-all objective of Catholic Action and the spirit that prompts it.

As organized in this country, Catholic Action is under the direction of those bishops who head the many departments of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. The departments of NCWC are devoted to Catholic specialties such as the press, education, Christian Doctrine, social service, industrial relations, refugees, and so on. Depending upon your ability and inclinations, you can take part in one or more Catholic Action activities within your parish or diocese. We suggest that you consult your parish priest or the chancery office of your diocese. Guidance can be had also from the headquarters of NCWC, 1312 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington 5, D. C. "If the world is to be won for Christ, then each man must strive to win his own little world. . . . He must win himself, his family, the men and women with whom he is, day by day, in association: the people he works, plays, eats, travels with—all his little world. If each Catholic is winning his own little world, then the whole world is being won."

"Stitch In Time"

A Catholic woman divorced her husband, remarried before a Justice of the Peace, and then divorced her second husband. She now realizes it was a terrible mistake, wants to return to her religion, and her real husband is willing to take her back.—H. J., Wilmington, Del.

From what you have outlined in your letter, the forgiveness and fidelity of this woman's real husband are exemplary. His wife is no longer hampered by any civil involvement, and she has no choice in conscience but to return to her husband and, during the rest of her mortal days, to make amends for her fickleness and infidelity.

Books

THE VELVET DOUBLET

By James Street. *351 pages.*
Doubleday. *$3.50*

James Street

Oh, for the good old days when to describe a work as a "historical novel" was to give it a simple label instead of a black eye! Under such happy circumstances, one could delight in James Street's fascinating romance of the Columbus voyages without feeling constrained to point out that it differs from the prevailing pattern by having to do somewhat with history and not more than somewhat with sex.

Letting its imagination soar within the framework of fact, *The Velvet Doublet* is colorful in the way the historical novel, by its very definition, was meant to be. It purports to be the posthumous papers of one Juan Roderigo Bermejo of Triana, first to sight land on that fateful voyage of The Great Discovery, but cheated of acclaim (and promised rewards—including the doublet) by a bumbling visionary, a self-aggrandizing liar and trickster named Christopher Columbus.

Now, there's a provocative premise for you, and with it Mr. Street has managed to manipulate a plausible yarn centered on an arrogant Andalusian sailor's quest for revenge against the explorer who changed his life and wound up, like himself, in unhappy old age. It's just no good, apparently, trying to warm up to Columbus, the man; yet his exploits and the barren fruit they bore him have ever been intriguing. To place him thus in the role of villain, viewed subjectively by a "Pinta" crewman, is to allow him to emerge with a valid double image—that of history's pronouncement and of his contemporaries' scorn.

The times of Columbus, the events leading up to and following the initial voyage, are detailed skillfully, and the historic crossing, itself, actually comes alive at Mr. Street's hands. The language is precise and apt, easy and fluent, and delightfully stylized, and, all-in-all, the author has produced a sustained piece of narrative writing that conveys the ring of reality all the way. In Mr. Street's honor, how about a "Be Kind to Historical Novelists" month?

CLARE POWERS.

THE WHITE RABBIT

By Bruce Marshall. *262 pages.*
Houghton Mifflin. *$3.50*

Bruce Marshall

The provocative title of this book is somewhat misleading. That is to say, it is merely one of the code names assigned to Wing Commander Yeo-Thomas, an Englishman who rendered heroic service to the French Resistance during World War II and who personally confided the details of his story to Mr. Bruce Marshall. The great adventure starts with that September day of 1939 when a young director of the Parisian dressmaking firm of Molyneux resigned to volunteer with the British Air Force for duty in France. His difficulties with the unprepared officialdom of both countries, his breathtaking experiences as secret agent in airborne missions or with the French "underground," his capture and tortures by the Gestapo, his imprisonment at Buchenwald and escape just before the Liberation, are told with dramatic and at times almost unbearable realism. Then, after rubbing shoulders for eight years with "the average sensual men, cads and potential saints who are to be found in all assemblies of human beings," Yeo-Thomas returns to the Molyneux *atelier* to face with ironic disenchantment the thoughtless selfishness of a public already oblivious of the price paid—by others—for its safety.

Life, of course, conditions authors even as her other children, and the scars of Bruce Marshall's half century have been deep ones. His writing is unfailingly eloquent and even his satire is founded on nobility. If he can someday recapture the vision and buoyancy which went along with the heartbreak of *The World, the Flesh and Father Smith,* he will again give something priceless to his readers.

KATHERINE BRÉGY.

THE STONES OF THE HOUSE

By Theodore Morrison. *375 pages.*
Viking. *$3.50*

T. Morrison

The distance between town and gown has rarely been bridged in our time. It is true that, more and more, professors are emerging into the marketplace; but they have been reticent about admitting the townsfolk into the reserved mysteries of the inner campus. An adult novel about a college community and its problems is sufficiently rare to have a certain freshness. That freshness, particularly since it deals with a college's administrative problems, *The Stones of the House* has both in subject matter and in the witty piquancy with which Professor Morrison tells his story.

His first novel is hardly the great American college novel, even the definitive novel about faculty life. But it is an absorbing, quickly paced and yet thoughtful, exposition of a small American college today and its administration. It is quietly amusing that Professor Morrison, for years a teacher of creative writing at Harvard and at the Bread Loaf Writer's Conference, in his own first fiction effort is bold enough to draw upon the patterned laws of coincidence in his plotting that have been the province of the popular, rather than the esteemed novelist. But it is a happy thing that the academic cloister has not stultified the rich humanity of the man.

Professor Morrison's characters, particularly his protagonist, the alert and kindly and likeable acting president of Rowley College, are etched with witty and warmly understanding strokes, save in one instance. It surely cannot be that any alumnus of the Harvard best known to Professor Morrison could have sat for the portrait of the brash and ebullient Badger Bratten. He must rather be Professor Morrison's revenge upon some Midwestern college alumnus who halted a possible call for the professor to become the tremendously right choice for just such a college as Rowley.

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post office job the village of tinglass had been the Cooke family eighty years. When nt Katie decided retire, therefore, it certain that Helen ke would succeed aging relative. But ways of government being devious, the minds of ministers inscrutable, appointment went to Michael ell, an inexperienced but politically uential young man. It was a shock- violation of tradition; and, as rence Earl remarks, in Eire tradi- is always a handy weapon to have, to wield, in an argument. Against violation the people of Baltinglass to rally the forces of Ireland around m to do battle with the government. us was the Battle of Baltinglass un.

Ve do not have a great wealth of -notch satire in modern English ting, and a volume such as this is are treat indeed. It really matters y little whether you have a deep erest, or any interest at all, in land. This is the story of the modern le man against the modern great reaucracy. And everyone who harbors secret suspicion of bureaucratic ernment at its best will love the ry. Particularly because it is based truth.

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FRANK O'GORMAN.

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Sheed & Ward. *$3.00*

Maisie Ward

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ELIZABETH MURPHY NYDEGGER.

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As the wife of one of Napoleon's sted marshals, popular Jean-Baptiste rnadotte, Désirée watched in horrified belief while the Corsican upstart, o had once lived in a cellar near Marseilles fish market, plucked the urbon crown from the gutter and re- corated the Tuileries with his own ndard. Without stooping to tawdry tails, Miss Selinko leaves no illusions out the court etiquette of the times.
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LOIS SLADE.

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Ruth Park

It will be an eventful day when an author varies the pattern of South Sea novels, eschewing the old stalemate, native vs. white man and its accompanying theme that gives Christianity only an emotional appeal, making it a scapegoat for sordid living. In *The Witch's Thorn,* Miss Park stresses the theme and emphasizes, not too subtly, that Catholicity as practiced on the Islands blends with native paganism and never abolishes it. The reader must go along with her while she grimly prods a group of natives and whites who are mired in sex yet attracted to a kind of degenerate Catholicism.

The Maori of New Zealand are a superstitious, poverty-stricken, friendly lot, hated and downtrodden by the whites and who are typified by the native publican, Georgie Wi, kindly, wiz-

ened-brained, and overly plump, h wife Maria, and his foster son, Hoo Gibson Wi. Among the pharisaica group of whites are the illegitimate of spring of the four daughters of old piou Mary Jury who came from Ireland wit Father Finn, a slightly stupid but wel meaning soul who sometimes wishes h had "stuck to carpentry. At least man always knows where he is wit timber."

Bethell, aged nine, child of Mary youngest daughter, Queenie, is the piv otal character of the novel. She i undernourished, hated, and disowne by her parents, a shameful reminder t her aunts, and a problem to the nun who teach her. At ten years old, Bethe finds her only consolation in the lov of Wi's foster son, Hoot Gibson.

Like many novelists who portray life' seamy side, Miss Park will probabl declare she is just telling the facts. Sh is indeed, but they are considerabl warped and look suspiciously biased.

ELIZABETH M. NUGENT

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Houghton Mifflin. *$3.00*

C. Hawley

An intelligent, sympathetic account of the men who run corporations, this novel is a welcome change from the usual drivel about how their wives waste their time and money. There are wives in this book, but only as reflections of their husbands and in this role they come off bette than most. This book particularly trie to show that business is not purel

The Bargain

▶ An Academy, hard-put for finances, needed some dirt to rebuild a washed-away road. The principal, a nun, sent their colored handyman, Eddie, to the nearby Catholic university, with instructions to see what he could do. He went to the priest in charge of maintenance.

"Father," he said, "you know those poor Sisters out at the Academy?"

"Yes, I know them," replied the priest.

"You wanna help those poor Sisters?" Eddie continued.

"Well, if I can," the priest said, puzzled. "What is it?"

"Those Sisters need four carloads of dirt to fill in for rebuilding a road on their grounds."

"Well, Eddie," said the priest, "we can spare four carloads. That will cost us $200. But since the Sisters are our good friends, we'll give it to them for $110."

Eddie did some fast thinking.

"Father, you know what those Sisters are gonna do? They're gonna say you a hundred dollars worth of prayers and send you a check for ten dollars."

And that's the way the deal was closed.

—Louis Hasley

For LENT - THIS YEAR

• MARCH •						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				
• APRIL •						
			1	2	3	Holy Sat.

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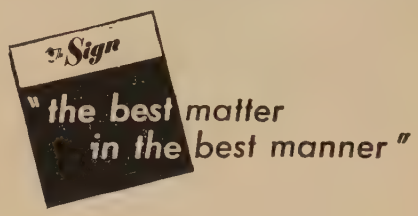

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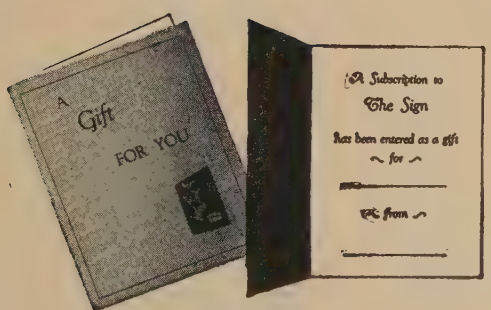

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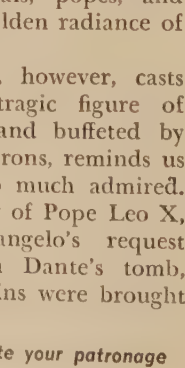
Mr. Hawley possesses firsthand knowledge of the men of business along with the ability to tell a complicated story in a clear, dramatic way.

PAULA BOWES.

MICHELANGELO: HIS LIFE AND HIS ERA

By Giovanni Papini. *452 pages.*
Dutton. *$10.00*



G. Papini

This very handsome book contains much that is charming and fascinating. Papini has given us a series of glimpses or vignettes in the life of Michelangelo and his contemporaries. These changing scenes, some as short as a single page, and each a separate chapter, are one hundred and eighty-five in number. Many are brilliant and inspiring, but others—especially in the latter half of the book—are less interesting.

A dazzling array of historical figures shares the stage of this dramatic biography; Copernicus, Savonarola, Machiavelli, Luther, Loyola, Borromeo, Raphael, Titian, Cellini, and Lorenzo the Magnificent are outstanding in a cast which includes cardinals, popes, and famous artists in the golden radiance of the Renaissance.

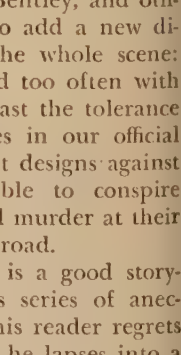
This bright picture, however, casts deep shadows. The tragic figure of Michelangelo, driven and buffeted by the demands of his patrons, reminds us of Dante, whom he so much admired. We regret the stupidity of Pope Leo X, who refused Michelangelo's request that he might design Dante's tomb, when the latter's remains were brought from Ravenna to Florence. The insatiable greed and vanity of the Renaissance popes, Alexander VI, Julius II, and Leo X, foreshadow the deluge of the Reformation. We can sympathize with the bewildered Luther who visited Rome at this time. Yet Luther's fanatical reaction in going so far to the opposite extreme reminds us of another "reformer," Karl Marx, whose "solution" threatens us today.

That fiery preacher, Savonarola, is shown by Papini, in a mood of reason and moderation. Instead of wishing to wipe out all the arts in his "burning of the vanities," he planned a new monastery where "the lay monks should work without noise or distraction, using their hands in certain arts such as painting, sculpture, wall building, writing, and the like." Thus the *via aurea* would become the *via artium.*

HASTINGS BLAKE.

CRIME WITHOUT PUNISHMENT

By Guenther Reinhardt. *322 pages.*
Hermitage House. *$3.50*



G. Reinhardt

The author of this book draws on a long experience as undercover operative for the FBI and the Counter - Intelligence Corps to sketch a picture of Communist subversion and espionage reaching from New York to Mexico and the American occupation zone in Germany. Many of the names of the *dramatis personae* are already familiar to the public through the books and testimony of Chambers and Budenz and Miss Bentley, and others. This book seems to add a new dimension of terror to the whole scene: now with impunity, and too often with the connivance or at least the tolerance of highly placed figures in our official life, agents of the Soviet designs against America have been able to conspire and spy and suborn and murder at their leisure, at home and abroad.

Guenther Reinhardt is a good storyteller, which makes his series of anecdotes very readable. This reader regrets that from time to time he lapses into a kind of gossip-columnist knowingness which detracts from the seriousness of the book. Since he is not elsewhere inclined to mince names, why should he not tell us who was the "enormously influential figure in the White House" who at one point protected the activities of one of his sinister personages?

The book contains charges of which the impact would be deepened if their simple assertion were supported by evidence, as, for example, when the author states that "President Roosevelt had ordered the Army to destroy all records

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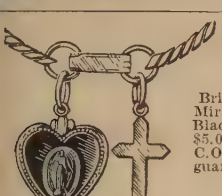

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in its intelligence and security files pertaining to Communist affiliations and activities of individuals." This reader may have been in the moon all the time, but as far as he is aware this is not a fact so notoriously well known as to require no proof.

FENTON MORAN.

HANDS ACROSS THE CAVIAR

By Charles W. Thayer. 251 pages. Lippincott. $3.50

C. W. Thayer

A career diplomat with experience in the U. S. Embassy in Moscow, Mr. Thayer was sent into Yugoslavia in the fall of 1944 as a member of the American Mission to Tito. He served there, in Austria, and in Korea as an expert on the Russians, and this book is his account of the more informal aspects of his jobs.

Mostly Mr. Thayer concentrates on his experiences with the Yugoslav Partisans. These, he found, were hard-headed and secretive, but much like the Russians in their fondness for formal politeness and for dining (and drinking) in state.

One of the few Westerners to see the Red Army in action, Mr. Thayer watched them in the battle of Belgrade. What impressed him were the Russians' ruthlessness toward the Germans and their heedlessness in the face of danger. On the loose, however, the Russian soldier exhibited little restraint, with the result that he did not endear himself to the peoples he liberated.

In Austria, as in Yugoslavia and later in Korea, Mr. Thayer found the Russians to be genial dinner hosts, but shrewd and pettifogging negotiators. As diplomats, they liked to quarrel and protract discussions and seemed unwilling to compromise.

Mr. Thayer tells many anecdotes, most of them billed as engaging and funny, and all of them dated. What was funny seven years ago has lost its humor today. Unfortunately the author writes as though this were not so.

ALDEN WHITMAN.

SHORT NOTICES

THE NEXT MILLION YEARS. By Charles Galton Darwin. 210 pages. Doubleday. $2.75. This is a rather longish "essay" on things to come. The author, a grandson of Charles Darwin, maintains that with our present knowledge of the world and of the things in it we can foresee the general course history will take over a long period. He was stimulated, he says, to make his predictions by studying the

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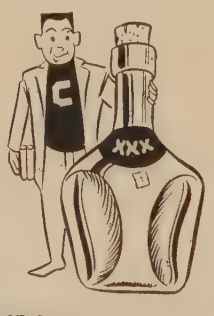
physical sciences. Using the principle of cause and effect and that of probability,. he comes to no "depressing utopia," as he puts it, but to something grim and challenging that *can* be dealt with if man does not close his eyes to the tides of history. Overpopulation and the problem of feeding the race worries Darwin considerably. And religion is viewed as a kind of narcotic which we are to take in order to see us through the grim struggle.

THE SEVEN SWORDS. By Gerald Vann, O. P. 82 pages. Sheed & Ward. $3.00. Whether it is the mystical quality of the eight reproductions from the paintings of El Greco depicting the Sorrows of Mary or the beauty of Father Vann's meditations on the same subject, this book has a charm all its own. The Dolors of Mary are a devotion often overlooked in this age. But the lessons drawn from these scenes in her life are so aptly correlated to our times that they cannot be read here without an increase of love and faith. Our days are shadowed by fear, by sorrow, by loss, by displacement of persons, and by power wrongly used. In Mary's sorrows we see the reasons for such trials. Her answer to our generation is that the greatest power on earth is in the hands of each of us, the power to save or ruin our own soul.

FATHER HECKER AND HIS FRIENDS. By Joseph McSorley, C.S.P. 304 pages. Herder. $3.95. Father McSorley, sixty-one years a Paulist, is at his best in this warm, personal portrait of Father Hecker—Founder of the Paulist Fathers—and his early companions. There is almost a nostalgic touch in the



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—*Joseph C. Callan*

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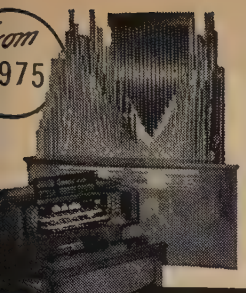

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descriptions of the early days and of the circumstances and places connected with the pioneers of this truly American community of priests. Their courage, foresight, and character disclose them to be geniuses of organization, perseverance, and leadership. They were ten strong men, their origins as different as their personalities, but their spirit and ideal unique—the conversion of America by preaching, publication, and example. The present generation, carrying on in the proudest Paulist tradition, can rejoice in Father McSorley as a living connection with the glorious past about which he writes so effectively.

COMMENTARY ON THE GOSPELS. By Ronald A. Knox. 284 pages. Sheed & Ward. $3.75. This commentary was inevitable. On the part of the author, because of the unique method he has used in translating the Scriptures, his personal approach to the problems found therein, and the necessity of defending his conclusions. On the part of the reading public, because of the intense interest and curiosity aroused in it by Monsignor Knox's spirited interpretations. The author explains that this work is for those who have no skill in ancient languages, but who desire to read the Bible for themselves, to discuss it intelligently with their non-Catholic friends, and to interpret its evidences in the light of history. He approaches this work with the same wit and intelligence that have made him an expert not only in Scripture but also in the widely remote field of detective mystery.

THE LITTLE MADELEINE. By Mrs. Robert Henrey. 350 pages. Dutton. $4.00. *The Little Madeleine* is as complete a picture of French life in the early 1900's as one is likely to get anywhere. In fact, it sets right the emphasis of history, which is on big events, and places it on the people who lived through these events. It is an autobiography, written with the grace and candor of a little girl, who lives through scenes of sin and degradation, as well as through happy events, without being warped by them. There is always the saving grace of laughter, a touch of compassion here, a note of understanding there. To Madeleine, to be alive is fun, even though her childhood never knows any real security. It is a book to savor now and then, to see the sharply observed detail, the little revealing insights, and the very real skill with which character is drawn.

GOD'S WAYFARER. By Irina Grainoff. Coward-McCann. 182 pages. $2.50. The engaging, and at times lyrically told, story of the adventures of a middle-aged widow, who hitchhiked as a pilgrim from Jura in Eastern France to Rome for the beatification of Pope Pius X.

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THE LIFE OF JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS. By John Tracy Ellis. 2 Vols. boxed. 1500 pages. Bruce. $17.50. The publisher modestly claims that the publication of this work marks a major event in the history of religious book publishing in America. It marks much more than that. The production of this biography is a standout event in the record of Catholic historical scholarship and in the life of the Catholic Church in America. Father Ellis has screened all the sources which organized research has been able to turn up. From them he has fashioned an account of Cardinal Gibbons as substantially complete as probably, as any that will ever be written. Since the hierarchical career of the Cardinal covered the formative years of the now matured American Church from 1868 to 1921, his life vitally touched the whole range of American Church life during that period. As presented by the historian, consequently his life should be a fairly comprehensive history of the Church in America during that eventful half-century. Father Ellis has made it such. It would be hard to imagine the adult Catholic who would not find this biography profitable and fascinating reading.

THE TENTH MUSE. By Fanchon Royer. 179 pages. St. Anthony Guild Press. $2.50. This is a sensitive, instructive, and engrossing biography of a 17th century Mexican nun. A dynamo of energy, she deserves the honor and the acclaim that this volume should win for her. She is introduced to English readers as a scholar-nun worthy of her ancient title, "one of the great women of the world." Her career is followed from her birth in a remote pueblo through days in the viceroy's palace, to the recesses of a Jeronymite convent. Sor Juana de la Cruz, by her transcendent poetry, her amazing logic, and her defense of the Faith against a popular but errantly sensational preacher, make almost a story-book character. The book, however, is well documented. The author lets Sor Juana speak for herself through specimen quotes of her poetic and philosophical writings. Abundance of illustration adds interest. Readers will understand why this obscure nun merits the title "The Tenth Muse."

LETTERS

(*Continued from page 4*)

hominis. The secularists would per- us that there is no such actuality as inal human act (i.e. committed with r sufficient deliberation to render it ly culpable). They imply that every man, hitherto classified as sinful by law and criminal by civil law, is the onsible effect of some unconscious or nscious biochemical urge, the result rn of heredity, environment, or sundry nal factors. This insidious campaign ne abdication of individual and per- moral responsibility might well be l the theory of the "No-Guilt Com- " The bald diagnosis of alcoholism as ysical malady devoid of moral imput- y, either direct or indirect, unques- bly merits the censure of Catholic lity.

. Rev.) Sebastian Weber, O.F.M. Conv.
cuse, N. Y.

ors of The Sign:

only qualification for answering the e "Alcoholism—Disease or Vice?" in anuary issue is that I am an alcoholic, through the grace of God and Alco- s Anonymous for five and a half years. disagree completely with Mr. Tracy's ment that alcoholism is a vice, not a se. In this stand I have the support ninent authorities in the fields of medi- religion, social work, and allied fields, to mention the American Medical As- tion. In view of my own extensive ex- nce with alcoholism and alcoholics igh AA, I prefer to take my stand with uthorities I have quoted.

ne test of Mr. Tracy's statement is sim- If alcoholism is a vice then his clients, l by his methods, should be able to normally. Can they?

John G. Purdie
York, N. Y.

Charlie Chaplin

ors of The Sign:

was highly amusing, but even more sad, to read the comments of Mrs. J. nan, wherein she took to task Jerry er for his criticism of the "eminent" edian of the slapstick, to wit: Mr. rlie Chaplin.

ne good lady is certainly entitled to her ion even though her thinking processes ear at times a trifle off keel. No one grees with the fact that Chaplin has eved a stature of eminence in the type omedy he portrays. It is in the field of onal, patriotic thinking that he strays the pasture. It is the thinking of the age secularistic mind that has affected nany in our time.

he Communists themselves applaud his avior. Would that indicate his position?

Thomas F. Torpey
York, N. Y.

Book Reviews

tors of The Sign:

your December issue (an excellent appeared Clare Powers' book review *One Red Rose for Christmas.* I think

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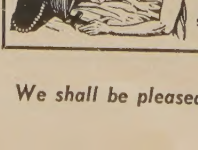

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her review was faulty. First of all, th standard she sets for a Christmas story quite arbitrary. The standard is by n means inflexible. Further, I cannot pos sibly see how she can make such a definitiv statement as: "He has failed completel and unequivocally." Isn't that a rathe harsh judgment? In my opinion this boo breathes with life and portrays in a hear warming atmosphere the true spirit Christmas—the spirit of love.

I'm so concerned over this affair becaus the moral of the novel is that we should, i imitation of Christ, love all no matter wh the person may be. And when a book con tains this sort of moral, and in a well writ ten story, you just cannot state: "He ha failed completely and unequivocally."

KENNETH GARY

WAPPINGERS FALLS, N. Y.

G. I. Approval

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

You know THE SIGN is a good magazin but what makes it good for a chaplain that it is easy to get the soldiers to read i

LT. COL. RICHARD SCULLY
CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN

FORT BRAGG, N. C.

Israel

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

May I refer to the article on Israel wri ten by Leonard J. Schweitzer in the Janu ary, 1953 issue of THE SIGN?

We note with regret that Israel's recor of achievement did not commend itse to Mr. Schweitzer who visited the countr and, as he says, looked in vain for indic tions that it was "solid, strong, and thriv ing."

Mr. Schweitzer, who unreservedly em braces the case of the enemies of Israe strangely describes the recent history Palestine as what he terms "Zionist aggre sion" against the Arabs. He makes n mention of the Jewish return to Palesti which gained increasing momentum fro the 1880's when the country was still province of the Ottoman Empire, of th 1947 United Nations Resolution on th establishment of a Jewish and of an Ara state, of the war launched by the Ara states against Israel in flagrant defiance that Resolution.

Mr. Schweitzer illustrated his article wi an appalling picture of what he calls "a Israeli detention camp." He did not both to mention the fact that thousands families of new immigrants are gradual moving into permanent structures as soo as they are ready for occupancy. He a parently did not see the numerous ne villages, with a house for each famil springing up all over the countryside. Ma Yemenite and Oriental Jews live there u der their own roofs.

To reply in brief to some other poin raised by Mr. Schweitzer: (1) Americ aid is being effectively utilized toward t very aim of the Mutual Security Act— help the country stand on its own fe and strengthen it as an outpost of dem racy. (2) The overwhelming majority the people of Israel, as reflected by t

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composition of our freely elected parliament, is pronouncedly anti-Communist. Friendship and co-operation with the United States and the free world is the cornerstone of Israel's policy. It is grotesque indeed to describe Prime Minister Ben-Gurion, the most vigorous exponent of Israel's democracy and of accord with the West, as "anti-American." (3) A most fantastic charge of Mr. Schweitzer, with no shred of truth in it, is that Israel ever "offered oil concessions to the Soviet Union in exchange for Soviet experts and technical equipment." (4) The Government of Israel does not entertain ambitions for territorial expansion, but, on the contrary, has consistently worked toward a peace settlement with her Arab neighbors, including non-aggression guarantees based on the present territorial position. As your readers may know, the Arab governments have so far stubbornly refused to conclude a peace settlement by direct negotiations, and this, despite the conviction of a widely representative concensus of world opinion as reflected in the current session of the UN General Assembly. (5) The Government of Israel strictly adheres to its declared policy of complete religious freedom for all faiths and free access to all places of worship within the borders of Israel. The Government deeply appreciates the co-operation of the churches in these endeavors.

S. KARIV
SECOND SECRETARY

EMBASSY OF ISRAEL
WASHINGTON, D. C.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

After reading the article "Israel-A Kingdom Divided," by Leonard J. Schweitzer, I was highly impressed to find for the first time that the true story of Palestine has been published in the United States.

AHMAD M. ALI

FITCHBURG, MASS.

Holy Communion

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

During the Holy Year our parish sent a spiritual bouquet with thousands of Holy Communions to our Holy Father, the Pope. How is it our Pastor, the Monsignor, should ask for Communions, or the Pope accept the same, if, as "The Sign Post" says, we can't offer Holy Communion for another? I don't get it.

MABEL ILANKO

CHICAGO, ILL.

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Will there be anything left of private devotions in the Church when we get finished listening to our pseudo-intellectuals? Why can't we offer Holy Communion for others? Who says we can't? Next thing you'll be telling us not to have Masses said for the dead!

JAMES O'BOYLE

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Perhaps Our Lord is calling you to serve Him. The Passionist Sisters are a Congregation of trained Social Workers and Educators, affiliated with the Passionist Fathers. The Novitiate for the United States is at Mt. St. Joseph, Bristol, R. I.

For particulars apply to the
Rev. Mother Provincial, C.P.

Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate

A Religious Community of Missionary Sisters, Trained Catechists and Professional Social Workers. Central Mission House: 328 West 71st Street, New York City.

NOVITIATE: MARYCREST CONVENT
Monroe, Orange County, New York
Write for Information and Free Literature

CARMELITE SISTERS

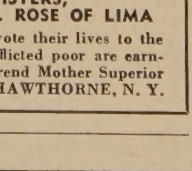
of the Divine Heart of Jesus welcome candidates who wish to consecrate themselves to the Divine Heart of Jesus, by taking care of children, the aged or missions. Apply to the

Reverend Mother Provincial,
1214 Kavanaugh Place, Wauwatosa, 13, Wis.

YOU CAN WIN SOULS

For Christ as a Missionary Sister doing catechetical and nursing work. Age 16-30. Write:

Daughters of Mary
HEALTH of the SICK
Vista Maria
Cragsmoor, N. Y.



THE SERVANTS OF RELIEF FOR INCURABLE CANCER

DOMINICAN SISTERS,
CONGREGATION OF ST. ROSE OF LIMA

Young women desiring to devote their lives to the religious service of Christ's afflicted poor are earnestly invited to write to Reverend Mother Superior at ROSARY HILL HOME, HAWTHORNE, N. Y.

ACTIVE CARMELITES

Perhaps the Queen of Carmel wants to clothe YOU with the special sign of her love—her scapular. If you are not inclined to teach, work with the Aged and Infirm offers untold possibilities for your talents. Girls from 15 to 35, of good Catholic families, who feel that they have a vocation and who desire to live a life hidden in Christ in a Community dedicated to Mary and Carmel, are welcome to send for descriptive literature or come for a personal interview. Apply to:

REV. MOTHER M. ANGELINE TERESA, O. CARM.
St. Teresa's Motherhouse, Avila on the Hudson, Germantown, N. Y.

obliged to offer a certain number of Holy Communions in suffrage for our deceased Religious. If, as you say, it is theologically incorrect, how is it that our Constitutions, approved by the local Bishop and by Rome, should allow this practice?

MOTHER MARY BERENICE
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Careful reading of the answer in "THE SIGN POST" will prove that there is no cause for alarm. It was pointed out that the sacramental grace that we receive cannot be transferred. However, we can offer the Mass at which we receive Holy Communion, and we are in a perfect position at the time of Holy Communion to offer prayers for others. With these distinctions in mind, we can list Holy Communions on our spiritual bouquets.

One World

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

Our organization, which is 90 per cent Catholic, was founded three years ago to fight World Government, when the World Federalists tried to put through a resolution in our State Legislature. It was killed in committee.

Many of us take THE SIGN and have always admired your magazine for its anti-Communist fight. However, if you support World Government you are defeating your own policy, because in a World Government you would have no chance to fight Communism. And once in, the United States could never secede from such an organization.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY
DEFENDERS OF THE CONSTITUTION, INC.
FOREST HILLS, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We were not thinking of any specific, current formula for world government. A suitable charter for such an organization would have to be carefully prepared and probably does not as yet exist. As for the idea itself, we see no more incongruity in making one world government out of many nations than in making one national government out of many states—a project which nobody views with either amazement or consternation.

Eastern Rite Bishops

EDITORS OF THE SIGN:

What a wallop your article on the conversion of the married Catholic priest of the Greek Rite packed. The writing was excellent and the pictures choice. May I question the remark, however, that Bishop Ivancho is the *only* Bishop of the Eastern Catholic Rite outside the iron curtain?

EMIL HANKO
STAMFORD, CONN.

EDITOR'S NOTE: You most certainly may question the remark about only one Greek Rite Bishop outside the iron curtain. We question it ourselves. A printer's gremlin dropped out a very important qualifier. The sentence should have read "the only *Ruthenian* Eastern Rite Bishop outside the iron curtain." Bishop Senyshin of Stamford is also Eastern Rite as are many other Bishops in union with Rome throughout the world.